20c OCTOBER 30, 1950

New Republic

Book Number

1923 and 1950: Books and Men In the Aftermath of Two Wars

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HAROLD L. ICKES ON:
THE GREAT HANLEY SCANDAL

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Akron 3, Ohio

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Professor Orvis C. Irwin
State University of Iowa
Iowa Child Welfare Research Station
Iowa City, Iowa

3rd Prize Tie — $10

(Duplicate prizes awarded)

Mrs. Carl E. Bushey
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Toledo 14, Ohio

. . . and to all those who submitted letters go our sincere thanks—we wish it were possible to award prizes to all of you.

Although it made the task of selecting winners more diffiult, all of us at New Republic were gratified both by the number of contest entries and the sincerity of every writer. Again and again you wrote—and we were proud to read—that the New Republic was not only important to you . . . it was an essential part of your lives.

Thank you for writing to us . . . and we hope that the New Republic will continue to be the vital stimulus to its readers that your heartening letters indicate.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

HEARST AND the DAR have their uses. You can measure civilization's steady progress pretty accurately against their dependable scale of protest. Thus, today, they are in a tizzy over the display of the UN flag at American schools and public buildings. Depend upon it, the violence of this outcry by UN's enemies means we are making progress.

Almost unconsciously, America is swapping sovereignty for security. Five years ago when the UN was born at San Francisco —to mark the anniversary of which Truman made his Tuesday commemorative speech in New York — the big power veto was a "must" in the American program. Our isolationist faith in it was as strong as Russia's. But Russia has so grossly abused the veto in five years that now we hail the Acheson plan to circumvent its use with exhilaration. And so once again Moscow, unawares, has forced the US into a new channel. With cries of joy, America sees its own jealously-guarded veto power diminished in order to cut down Russia's.

We dropped in on GOP chairman Guy Gabrielson's press conference last week. He was just back from a Western tour. Republicans have their GHQ in an old private mansion in the Dupont Circle area; Gabrielson is a large, Senatorial man wearing tortoise-shell glasses and gray striped suit. To show his amiable tolerance Mr. Gabrielson has decorated the outer office with framed newspaper cartoons, mostly showing him trying to rouse sick elephants by blowing a horn. The Gabrielson sanctum has thick carpets, venetian blinds, two fluorescent overhead lights with aluminum screens like inverted ice-cube freezing trays, and two built-in bookcases, one filled with bound volumes of the N.Y. *Times* index, the other with bound Congressional Records. The big Gabrielson desk has a rim or shelf extending out from its top on three sides and looks pretty modernistic and snappy; on it were two telephones, two fountain pens on swivels with their tails sticking in the air waiting to write some rousing denunciation of "creeping Socialism," and a triangular tortoise-shell sign with "George Gabrielson" on it (revival of the first name "Guy" seems to have come later).

It is the make-believe of these affairs that the returned politician gives an objective appraisal of his party's rosy chances. Gabrielson struck a note of grave optimism, sparring blandly with familiar reporters. He seemed to imply that the Korean war was a put-up job by Truman, and with gloomy relish dismissed World War II with the phrase "We have lost the peace." Listing GOP Senatorial hopefuls he seemed particularly cheered by the fight Nevada Republican George Marshall (no relation to the General) is making against Pat McCarran. With curiosity, reporters demanded what the issues could be between these rival conservatives? Gabrielson started off briskly but bogged down. "Well," said a questioner ironically, "It's not McCarran's New Deal record, is it?" Gabrielson thought some more and volunteered that both the "Catholic and Mormon churches" are opposing McCarran. When asked why, he couldn't remember. "I guess I'll have to pass that," he said finally.

Quite a crowd was out at another press conference last week to see Truman on his return from Wake. The Presidential conferences are now held in the most gaudily inappropriate room in Washington, the lush old reception room on the fourth floor of the building formerly occupied by the State Department. The taste in this building is so utterly bad that most people love it at sight. It is all gilt and marble and rococo, and the particularly tall reception room where the Secretary of State used to hold

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court has a balcony with ornamental scroll work running round the four sides. Into this walks the little man from Independence, Missouri, while all the reporters stand. Truman in this case came in grinning, but he was mad in a minute when the inevitable question was asked about the discrepancies coming from rival "informed sources" in Tokyo and Washington over the degree of cordiality of his meeting with MacArthur. The fact is the two men seem to have got on well. The Wake Island visit pretty completely ended GOP efforts, pushed by Stassen, to represent MacArthur as "persecuted"; on the other hand, men around MacArthur will find it hard for a while to revert to the idea that Truman and Acheson are consciously betraying their country. One ironic proposal here is that Truman and Mac divide up the Pacific into separate spheres of influence.

Four months of Korean war are about over; results: 36,000 US casualties, America hell-bent on rearmament, the United Nations given a tremendous shot in the arm, Moscow showing one or two symptoms of anxiety. These results, good and bad, all follow the decision of one little man in Washington not to try appeasement. Now Truman wants to put on an eye-popping show of Korean rehabilitation through US aid, to prove to Asia that American interest brings prosperity not chaos.

Notes: Washington election concensus: The GOP will make relatively small gains in Senate and House but suffer actual defeat by not capturing either Chamber. . . . The GOP failure to take the Senate now almost certainly would mean Democratic Senate control in 1952, even if the Republicans took the White House; Senate seats vacant in 1952 are predominantly from safe Southern states. . . . Anybody got a letter postmarked "Moscow" for Harold Stassen? . . . Truman's Council of Economic Advisers has told the President there's no use asking labor to make anti-inflation sacrifices unless the excess profits tax is applied to bloated corporate profits.

Washington T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

Exception Noted

SIR: For the first time since I have been a reader of our excellent magazine, for the *New Republic* belongs to all liberals, I find that I must take exception to a statement which appears in one of your articles—"Americans for Democratic Action is the most important non-Communist and indeed anti-Communist national liberal organization in this country today." As a member of the American Veterans' Committee, I insist that AVC is the most important non-Communist and indeed anti-Communist national liberal organization in this country today. I believe equal challenging statements would probably be made by members of the NAACP, the Conference for FEPC, Labor League for Political Education, etc.

To please all of us why don't you merely amend your statement and say "Americans for Democratic Action is the most important non-Communist and indeed anti-Communist national liberal organization within the Democratic Party."

MICKEY LEVINE
New York City NPC Member, AVC

Socialized Medicine

SIR: I was glad to put your article, "The Crude Big Lie" (the *NR*, October 2) into circulation.

I sent it to my doctor, with some particularly apt remarks underlined for his particular attention. For the past nine years he has been waging a one-man war against socialized medicine. He always has plenty of articles against S.M. on his bulletin board. . . . Do you think I will find yours pinned up there next week?

Detroit, Mich. MRS. R. HOULE

The Boston Orchestra

SIR: It takes a lot to make me write a letter to an editor, and in this case the stimulus was provided by a sentence in Mr. Cecil Smith's column in the *New Republic* of October 2, 1950. In it Mr. Smith refers to the "shocking deterioration of the Boston Symphony Orchestra" in the year that has elapsed since Koussevitzky retired and Charles Munch took over. Mr. Smith suggests that if his readers wish evidence of this condition they have only to listen to Mr. Munch's new recording with the orchestra of Ravel's "La Valse."

What irks me, as a great admirer both of Koussevitsky and of Munch, is that Mr. Smith gives no indication that he is basing his criticism on any more substantial evidence than that furnished by a recording. . . . We who like and admire Munch would much prefer that Mr. Smith's judgment be based on a hearing of the orchestra in actual performance. . . . Some subscribers to the orchestra prefer certain of Mr. Munch's performances to comparable ones by his predecessor. Many do not. But none of my acquaintances think that the orchestra itself has deteriorated.

Boston, Mass. RICHARD N. CLARK JR.

SIR: It did not occur to me to offer "more substantial evidence" than this egregiously bad recording itself supplied, for I have written about both the Boston Symphony and Munch on earlier occasions. For Mr. Clark's information, I heard almost all the orchestra's New York concerts last season, and in 14 concerts at Tanglewood last summer (when Koussevitzky again took charge) I heard the orchestra gradually regain the fine-grained texture it used to have, as their former conductor required the players to slough off many recently formed bad habits.

New York City CECIL SMITH

Russia and Manchuria

SIR: Just how near Hearst does the *New Republic* propose to drift? I ask this because in the article, "Truman or MacArthur" (September 11), you imply, for the second time if my memory is correct, that Russia has "appropriated" Manchuria. You say: "He [Truman] has based our opposition to Russia on her appropriation of North China, Manchuria and Sinkiang." Sinkiang was "appropriated" long before the people of China started to throw out their gangsters. . . .

Even our own Department of State has told us that Russia has *not* "appropriated" Manchuria, which, I realize, need not necessarily influence our President's opposition, but surely should influence the *NR* editorial writer.

Since I know nothing about North China I must be influenced by your slanting of news in the other cases and, so, doubt that Russia has "appropriated" it.

I write this, not in defense of Russia, but in defense of what was once a paper on which one could rely. . . .

Lakeside, Calif. ROBERT KARGER

We refer Mr. Karger to Secretary Acheson's statement of January 12: "The Soviet Union is detaching the Northern provinces of China from China and is attaching them to the Soviet Union. This process is complete in Outer Mongolia. It is nearly complete in Manchuria. . . ." We note that those who protest the loudest about "Red baiting" are the first to employ the identical technique of smear in reverse. – THE EDITORS

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New Republic

THE CHOICE IN INDO-CHINA

WHAT HAPPENS in the next six months in Indo-China may determine the immediate future of Communist influence in all of Southeast Asia. The continuous guerrilla fighting that has gone on in Indo-China since 1945 is now emerging into full-scale modern war. The next six months of the dry season should be decisive in determining whether the Vietnamese Army of the French or the forces of the Communist Ho Chi Minh Government will control the country. The security of Burma, Thailand, Malaya and Indonesia may hinge on the outcome.

Ho's troops have captured five key frontier posts from the French in the last month. Thousands of men and $500 million—half the French military budget—have gone into fighting the revolution in Indo-China this year. Reports continue that thousands of troops from Communist China are massed just over the Indo-Chinese border, ready to reinforce Ho at any moment. French Intelligence reports that some 20,000 Vietminh troops have already been trained in Chinese territory and returned to Indo-China fully equipped. The Chinese are also believed to have supplied large quantities of mortars, artillery, automatic weapons and radio equipment to Ho.

Considerable quantities of arms from the United States are on their way to the Bao Dai Government. The new military agreement signed last week between France and the United States includes close to $500 million more to support the operation in Indo-China with planes and new equipment of the kind lately used in Korea. Even so, vastly more men and money will be needed if the French are not to be driven out entirely. The question whether to hold on in Indo-China is being violently debated in the French Assembly. Pierre Mendes-France, former Minister of Economy and revered resistance leader, has surprised his country by arguing that France should abandon Indo-China as a too costly operation. French Socialists are for the first time urging that Bao Dai be dropped and that the United Nations be asked to intervene and arrange a settlement of the war. Bao Dai's own Premier, Tran Van Huu, in the panic created by the recent Communist victories, has called on the United States and Great Britain to "bring pressure on France" to grant complete independence for Vietnam as being the only "sure way" to fight the "Vietminh Communists."

The attitude of the United States will have vast influence on the French in this critical decision. Without American recognition of their corrupt puppet, Bao Dai, it is unlikely that the French could have held on this long in Indo-China. America is in a position of tremendous responsibility in respect to Indo-China and because of that fact has the power to strike a telling blow for the "freedom and independence" which President Truman, in his October 17 speech at San Francisco, promised "the peoples of Asia."

The chance we have to influence world policy toward Indo-China in the coming weeks is a great opportunity to live up to President Truman's pledge.

It is impractical to demand suddenly that France should immediately get out of Indo-China altogether. To do so would force the breaking up of the French Cabinet and would play into the hands of the French Communists. It would deprive the non-Communist powers of any hold on Indo-China in the future. But we should ask that France pledge the United Nations that she will withdraw from Indo-China as soon as victory has been won over Ho Chi Minh's army. While we must continue to supply the French forces with military aid until they have won, France must be pressed to get rid of Bao Dai and to call on the non-Communist radical leaders to form a representative government in his place. We must insist on the establishment *now* of social policies that will make self-government possible in the future.

As soon as France can get out of Indo-China without aiding the Communists in Europe or in Asia by doing so, the United Nations should step in as overseer until a fair election can be held and a stable government for the whole country established. The US should play the same role it played in establishing the Republic of Indonesia. We can push the French to withdraw *voluntarily*. We can urge the UN to assign the first "Peace Observation" committee, under the new Acheson plan, to Indo-China. And we can help prepare the UN to take over in the interim between colonialism and freedom for the Indo-Chinese. To do less would be to discount the responsibility toward Asia we assumed when we entered Korea.

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THE WEEK

A NEW ERA IN THE UN

LAKE SUCCESS (NR correspondent)

Approval of the United States proposal for "United Action for Peace" to strengthen the UN General Assembly ushers in a new era of collective responsibility in the world. In the future, the United Nations will be stronger because of its new authorization to: 1. Convene the Assembly on 24 hours' notice when aggression impends and the Security Council fails to act. 2. Form "Peace Observation" committees to report on tense situations. 3. Establish armed units from all the member countries to serve the needs of the United Nations. 4. Set up a "Collective Measures" committee to report on methods to insure international peace. 5. Emphasize the necessity of constructive means to establish a lasting peace.

The Soviet Union voted in favor of only the second and fifth provisions.

The decisions of the Assembly in cases of envisaged aggression will not amount to orders to the member states; they will only be recommendations. But the moral weight of those recommendations will be heavy, as experience has shown.

After blocking re-election of Secretary General Trygve Lie by a veto in the Security Council, Russia prevented the General Assembly from doing so by requesting another Security Council meeting on the problem. At that second meeting, on October 18, India offered an alleged compromise proposal which would have left it to the five permanent members of the Security Council to select the next Secretary General. The Soviet Union presumably favored the Indian solution as a last possible means of getting rid of Mr. Lie, whose unreserved support of the UN action in Korea has apparently made him permanently *persona non grata* with the Russians.

There is no other post of world-wide scope more demanding than that of Secretary General of the UN. It will remain as difficult a job so long as the present internal divisions in the United Nations, arising from violent nationalism and vastly differing ways of life, remain the rule. Trygve Lie has done as well in this demanding role as any man could. He has satisfied no group completely. But when the chips were down in the Korean affair, he showed without question that his loyalties were, properly, with the cause of world organization above the wishes of any one nation.

The Genocide Treaty is at last a part of international law; possibly history will record UN adoption of this pact as one of the most important acts of this period. Last week five nations deposited their documents of ratification at Lake Success, bringing the total to 21, more than the minimum required for adoption. The United States is still to be heard from.

KOREA'S FUTURE

With liberation of Korea in sight, the United Nations has taken on the task of studying proposals for relief and rehabilitation. The United States last week proposed a "United Nations Korean Reconstruction Agency," the administrator of which would be responsible to the General Assembly. According to the US Resolution, the Agency would determine the needs for relief resulting from the war, receive contributions in funds, supplies and services, provide for procurement and shipment of supplies, arrange distribution and utilization, and advise and assist the authorities in Korea.

A seven-nation temporary committee was established by the Assembly to study the United States plan and two other proposals brought forward earlier by Secretary General Trygve Lie and by the Australian Delegation.

Earlier in the week, a confidential study of Korea's political status and social conditions before the war was reported by Ernie Hill, Chicago *Daily News* UN correspondent. The report was the result of a three-and-a-half-year survey made by Roger Baldwin, former head of the American Civil Liberties Union, at the request of the United Nations, Gen. Douglas MacArthur and the State Department.

Baldwin was sharply critical of the American military government which, he charged, "bungled the job in South Korea." He said the military leaders "picked the Koreans to run an improvised government, and they picked the wrong ones, favoring those who spoke English and were Christians (in a country overwhelmingly Buddhist). . . . They set up a police system of men trained in the tough Japanese methods, whose only concept of political opposition was to suppress it." Baldwin found that President Syngman Rhee was so reactionary and distrustful of liberalism that he accused some high US military officials of being Communists!

President Rhee and our military men "practically dictated laws," Baldwin said, "holding a veto power and yet utterly failing to see that the only way a democracy could be created was to distribute land to the peasants who worked it, as MacArthur had at once done in Japan. In a country over 80 percent peasant, and crushed by landlordism, that was not only an obvious reform, but one which would go a long way toward offsetting the propaganda from the North."

Baldwin found that both North and South Korea wanted a moderate, liberal democracy instead of Communism or the extremism of President Rhee.

"I believe North Korea should show the same tendencies in an election," he observed. "It is the most practicable road for a new country emerging after decades of subjugation, and dependent on the outside world for material and spiritual aid. . . . The Koreans have a natural capacity for self-government. . . . They do not take to bosses of any sort. Their reputation as 'the Irish of the Orient' is well-deserved."

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SCANDAL ON THE MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS (NR correspondent)

The proponents of a Missouri Valley Authority, patterned along the lines of the TVA, now have facts to prove the gross inefficiency of the Army Engineers' and Reclamation Bureau's piecemeal Pick-Sloan Plan. After five years and $25 million, one of their major projects is developing into a major scandal.

The Missouri-Souris Plan to divert water from the Missouri River into the Souris River Valley and irrigate more than a million acres in North Dakota is now in the preliminary stages of construction. The Souris irrigation project was first proposed five years ago by the Reclamation Bureau and acquiesced in by the Army Engineers to forestall an MVA. Estimated to cost a quarter of a billion dollars, the plan involved irrigating 50 percent more land than the Bureau has irrigated in the Valley in nearly a half century. Now, at this late date, it has been discovered that a vast part of the million acres is not fit to irrigate.

In any sensible scheme of things, testing the land would be the first step. But the Reclamation Bureau has consistently balked at such tests and, as a result, its soil studies have habitually been belated and inadequate and thousands of acres have been ruined by poor preparation. For this reason, among others, $30 million in Bureau irrigation projects has had to be written off as loss.

One of the reasons why Bureau projects have resulted in disaster is that the land the water was put on would not drain properly. Irrigation water stayed on it, waterlogged it, turned it into swamp. Alkali was brought up by the faulty irrigation and sterilized the soil. After all the grief the Bureau had run into in the past by laying on water without knowing whether the land was fit, one would suppose it would begin finding out what it was doing before it did it, especially in the case of a project huge beyond precedent in American history.

But not in the least. The Bureau went into the irrigation of the Souris as ignorant of the land as it had gone into its first disastrous projects 40 years before. The salient fact that failed to interest the Bureau sufficiently, however, interested Dean H. L. Walster of North Dakota Agricultural College. He studied the acres the Bureau proposed to irrigate and found that nearly half of them were composed of glacial soil, which lacks adequate drainage, and is therefore unusable for irrigation.

In consequence of this bit of knowledge, the Souris project is nominated for oblivion, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* Richard G. Baumhoff reports. Yet it might have squeaked by if no one had bothered to find out any more than did the Reclamation Bureau, or the Army Engineers. Already $2.5 million have been wasted on this harebrained scheme.

GOP AND McCARTHYISM

MADISON, WISC. (NR correspondent)

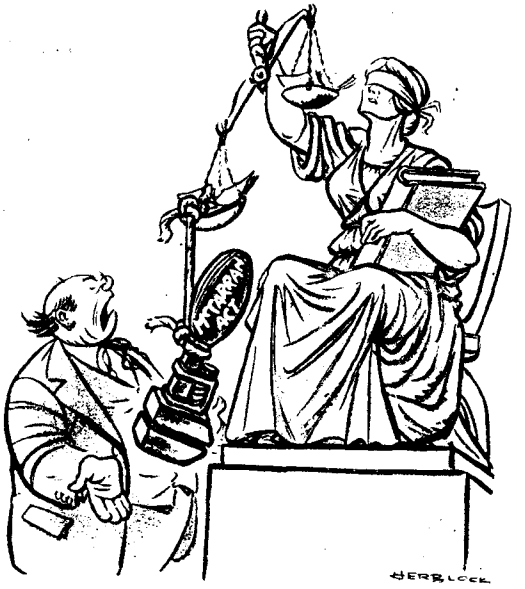
Republicans in many of the states where Senatorial campaigns are close this year have placed their hope for election in the hands of Sen. Joseph McCarthy. "Jumping Joe" has been generous with his anti-Communist speeches. During the past month he has addressed GOP rallies in Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Tennessee, Maryland, Connecticut, California and New York. His invitations to speak in various states have numbered over 2,000 — more than requests for all other Senators combined.

In Wisconsin, "McCarthyism" has become so much the dominant campaign issue that the race between Sen. Alexander Wiley (R.) and Attorney General Thomas E. Fairchild (D.) will be interpreted as an indorsement or repudiation of the junior Senator in his home state.

Senator Wiley's backers at first remained neutral on the McCarthy issue. Wiley had given McCarthy little support during the investigation of charges that the State Department was infested with Communists. Regardless of the fact that those charges have since been proved utterly false, Wisconsin Republicans finally decided that their only chance was to keep the Red issue alive, at least until November 7. About 10 days ago, Wiley began to feature McCarthy's line and asked him to stump the State.

The Democrats charge that Wiley brought "McCarthyism" into the campaign to dodge important domestic issues and, "to confuse, distort and falsify the great issues of foreign policy facing us." They point out that decisive developments in Washington, Lake Success, and Korea during the past 90 days have established the fallacious character of the charges brought by McCarthy against the Administration and the State Department.

"History has passed McCarthy by," Democratic candidate Fairchild is telling Wisconsin voters. "The bold, affirmative action taken by our government in the face of Red aggression has exposed, for all fair-minded Americans, the flimsy foundation on which the junior Senator from Wisconsin built his house of hate and suspicion."



HERBLOCK IN THE WASHINGTON POST

"Well, If It Doesn't Work Right, Why Don't You Put Your Thumb on the Scale?"

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BATTLE OVER INTEREST

The Battle of the Interest Rate drags on inconclusively in the nation's capital. The principal antagonists, Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder and the seven members of the Federal Reserve Board, headed by Thomas B. McCabe, carry on the war armed with volumes of economic analyses and credit tabulations.

The immediate dispute is over government monetary policy. The Federal Reserve Board is acutely alarmed about present inflationary trends. Its suggested remedy is to back up consumer-credit controls with an increased interest rate which would constrict the present record volume of commercial bank credit.

The Treasury, however, has a natural tendency to regard the prevailing low interest rate as vital and sacrosanct. As watchdog over the country's $257 billion debt, it is quick to point out that even a small interest rate rise could cost the country billions in additional annual interest payments, and cause a precipitous drop in the value of outstanding government securities. Critics of the Reserve Board proposals also question whether a rising interest rate is *per se* very effective in persuading businessmen not to borrow.

Underlying this conflict is the more basic issue of who makes government financial policy. The Federal Reserve Board is pursuing an aggressive policy to regain the controlling position it lost during the last war. Military expenditures increased the Federal Government's share of the total national debt from less than 25 to more than 60 percent, which made the Government (Treasury) the dominant factor in the total credit sphere.

The entire issue of government fiscal policy has been under study by the Congressional Joint Committee on the Economic Report. A sub-committee headed by Sen. Paul Douglas (D, Ill.) recently held extensive hearings on the subject and came out with a report definitely slanted in favor of the Federal Reserve on the control issue. Structurally, the Douglas committee urged the creation of a National Monetary and Credit Council, on which all concerned agencies would be represented but one which would be headed by the Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers.

An ironical twist to the present quarrel is that John Snyder, "the bankers' friend," finds himself definitely opposed to his old colleagues. Although the American Bankers' Association has, in cognizance of past friendship, been careful to keep out of the controversy, individual bankers have gone down the line for the FRB proposals. Higher interest rates would bring them considerably increased profits.

Constructive critics have noted that the real problem—both short and long-range—is to centralize the government's effective powers to hold down inflationary credit factors. The Reserve Board has latent powers of suasion which could be used effectively if the bankers realized that there was a definite government policy. Congressional experts are presently working from the Douglas report toward some more extensive proposals for the unification of existing powers more directly under the President. As one government economist put it: "What we need is a financial authority with authority."

HIGH COURT STANDS PAT

The October session of the Supreme Court has revealed in no uncertain terms that it does not intend to alter its unanimous ban on graduate school segregation handed down last June. The Court has, in effect, warned the states to study past opinions carefully before sending it any more segregation cases. Last week the Court, in a one-sentence opinion, flatly told the Florida Supreme Court to review its ruling against a Negro who had protested the city's "Mondays-only" policy for his race on the municipal golf courses and to reconsider the case "in the light of" the previous Supreme Court rulings against segregation in education.

Earlier this month, on its first decision day of the 1950-51 term, the Supreme Court refused to consider two other racial cases because of its previous decision. It denied a re-hearing of its decision of June 5 that the University of Texas must admit a Negro student to its all-white law school. The Court also refused to consider Maryland University's appeal from a Maryland Court of Appeals decision which had ordered it to admit a Negro girl to the School of Nursing.

PHILIPPINE REFORM

Four years ago last July the United States, in an unprecedented gesture, granted the Philippines independence after almost half a century of American rule. But the brilliant constellation of a democratic and prosperous Asian country patterned after the United States somehow has failed to materialize. The Philippines today face economic chaos and even the possibility of civil war. The Hukbalahaps, now under Communist control, are a grave threat to the stability of the young Republic.

With increased reports of unrest and possible revolution, President Truman appointed an economic commission, headed by Daniel Bell, to find the answers. The Commission's report has just been made, and from advance indication, it is a hard-hitting analysis of the problems that beset the Archipelago.

News stories indicate that the Bell Commission has recommended: a thorough house-cleaning of the tax-collection and custom bureaus to eliminate corruption; revision of the tax laws to distribute the tax burden more equitably; enactment and enforcement of decent minimum wages for agricultural and industrial workers; heavy taxes on luxury imports, and drastic reforms in the agricultural regions to give the peasant a better share of the crops he raises as a tenant. All these proposals make a great deal of sense.

There are, however, two disturbing elements of the Commission's reported recommendations. The first is that the Commission will demand that the Philippines reverse their "trend toward Socialism" and return to the path of strict free enterprise if they are to expect further help from the United States. The extent of the "Socialism" appears to be government ownership of some public utilities, including the railroads, and a hotel in Manila. It is difficult to believe that the Philippines under the leadership

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they have had during the past four years, have gone Socialistic to any degree that need alarm the United States, where municipal ownership of public utilities has become commonplace.

The second cause for concern is the absence of any indications that the Bell Commission has suggested any more basic land reform than an elementary improvement in the lot of the peasant workers. The problem is deeper than that. Philippine agriculture still operates under the medieval system of land ownership which permits a relatively small number of Spanish and Filipino families to talk in terms of the provinces they own rather than in terms of acres and to impose their will upon the rest of the country. American rule barely touched this pattern, so strongly do we feel about the sacred rights of ownership. Rather, it superimposed American industrialism upon a land system utterly inconsistent with it. The US was content to use the old land system as an adjunct to colonialism, so that today the free Philippines, rich as they are, are unable to support themselves. Until there is land reform, not merely in terms of better relations between landlord and agricultural worker, but in those of land ownership by the peasants and a more balanced economy, the Hukbalahaps will continue to voice their propaganda and range the hills, with the obvious support of a disaffected, landless class.

Elimination of civic corruption is desperately needed in the Philippines. The story of tax abuses, under which the major load has fallen on an already heavily burdened people instead of upon the wealthy, is an important clue to today's problems in Manila. But the land system is the heart of the problem and will not be solved by boosting the wages of the landless agricultural worker a few cents a day.

The loss of the Philippines to Communism or any other kind of totalitarianism would be a grievous blow to American prestige and even endanger our Pacific position. It would be a tragic answer to American hopes of a democratic stronghold in the midst of an Asia which both feels hatred of Western colonialism and a genuine love and respect for American freedom and democracy.

OUTSIDE AMERICA

Many western Europeans of the political Right cling to an old notion that might be considered defeatist if not downright subversive by McCarthy, MacArthur and McCarran: they believe a time for action is not a time for stopping the play of ideas. Here are some examples.

An Englishman on France. The Paris correspondent of the London *Economist* writes:

> France is a very old country which got down to brass tacks a long time ago. The Parisian shop-keeper doesn't believe in democracy's golden future; the Cherbourg docker isn't interested in moral rearmament, and the Auvergnat farmer cares little about Scientific Trumanism and Point Four. . . . There is a danger that some of France's partners—in particular the United States—may misapprehend French motives and possibilities. Publicists in Paris, who before Korea wished France neutral in a world war, and in so doing certainly voiced the feelings of millions of Frenchmen, have since come around to the belief that, after all, the Atlantic alliance can defend Western Europe. The reason for this conversion is simply the emergence of American military power.

A Frenchman in an English daily on the Asiatic situation. Bertrand de Jouvenal writes in the Manchester *Guardian:*

> Korea should be regarded as in itself a major war, for Asia is at stake. European penetration into Asia has awakened the Asian peoples from their slumber. We have inspired them with our two temporal religions: that of progress and that of the nation. In these conditions a power alien to Asia which desires to enjoy high prestige must respect nationalism and must show great discretion in assisting technical progress.
>
> In an Asia agitated by nationalism, foreigners struggling against local elements are bound to be unpopular. That is the position of France in Indo-China and in spite of her efforts Great Britain is in the same case in Malaya. There remained the Americans, whose anti-colonial reputation was firmly established. Moscow has achieved a masterly stroke in setting an American Army against an Asian Army. . . . The peoples of Asia are not inferior to us in any respect. Only for the last five centuries have we counted for more than they in world history. Fifty years from now their development may have reduced us to insignificance. If this development is led by Russia in accordance with the principles of Soviet civilization, the West will have completely lost the guidance of the world. . . . No Asian policy is possible without a party in Asia that is pro-Western or at least anti-Soviet. We do not seem to be succeeding in discovering the elements of such a party. And without it, nothing is actually tenable in Asia.

A Frenchman in a French daily on the "Epilogue" to Korea. Etienne Gilson, of the French Academy, writes in the Paris *Monde:*

> A new fact dominates everything—the rearmament of the United States. . . . The US arms itself only under the urgency of imminent war; but once armed, one can take it as extremely probable that the United States will make war. If the adversary against whom America arms does not accept American policy, it is to be feared that the army whose creation the adversary opposed will finally be fated to serve. Until now, the notion of an armed peace has been alien to the ideals of a people who fight, if they absolutely must, only to free themselves of the burden of arms. Hence, everything now depends on Russian policy. We must know if Russia, by initiatives like that of Korea, will push the United States to the point of rearmament affecting the whole life of the country when Washington's only way out of the impasse will be to seek the decision. There are no historical fatalities but there are historical probabilities, and this is one.
>
> In the light of this formidable perspective, we still do not believe that to play the role of a satellite is a sound policy for Western Europe. . . . It is on the plane of the United Nations, not on that of the (Atlantic) pact made obsolete by events, that the problem will now be increasingly posed.

The ideas of these three Europeans, all of them anti-Communist conservatives, add up to a recipe for action which seems to be American, not German, military power in Europe; psychological and political, not military, power in Asia; and the two in the framework of the United Nations, not of the Atlantic and other pacts. PERCY WINNER

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HAROLD L. ICKES: *The Great Hanley Scandal*

WHEN IT COMES to renunciation, Governor Thomas E. Dewey is the most "self-denying" man in public life. He can even "self deny" for someone else. As a candidate, he is of the "off again, on again" variety. Mr. Dewey is again a candidate for Governor of New York, although only a few months ago he announced that he would not run in 1950. His choice to succeed himself was Lieutenant Governor Joe Hanley.

After he had been talked to persuasively by that eloquent banker, Winthrop Aldrich, President of the Chase National (Rockefeller) Bank of New York, Dewey changed his mind. It was easy to persuade Dewey to be for Dewey, as in the past. The great renunciator then proceeded—by cajolery and pressure and more besides—to persuade "good old Joe" Hanley to do some renunciating on his own account. Hanley terribly wanted to be governor. He was deeply in debt. Finally he was persuaded to join in the Chase National Bank "draft" of Dewey, and accept the Republican nomination for Senator, on the promise that if Hanley should be defeated for Senator, as he should be and apparently will be, Dewey would provide a highly-paid state job as consolation. Promises were also made to pay Hanley's debts, amounting to at least $30,000. Hanley owed money to, among others, Frank E. Gannett, the chain newspaper publisher and discoverer of the United States Constitution.

The source of the largess for the payment of Hanley's debts has not yet been disclosed and may not be. Evidence on the subject would be of great public interest. It is of public record that the Rockefeller banker, Winthrop Aldrich, injected himself into the situation as the persuader of the apparently more-than-willing Dewey to forget his promise to Hanley and again present himself as a perennial candidate to the New York voters.

"I am humiliated, disappointed and heartsick," wrote Hanley to W. Kingsland Macy, in a letter lamenting that he had "neither the courage nor the strength [to talk personally to Macy whom] I have somehow . . . let down." But the "let down" may have been worth while. According to the New York *Times,* Hanley "wrote that the financial assurances given him by the Governor removed 'all the gamble from the picture and will enable me to face the future with confidence. . .'."

It is to be assumed that the law-enforcement officials of New York will take cognizance of a situation they could smell even before they could see it and sternly perform whatever duty may be theirs. But quite aside from any question of law violation, there has been exposed as unsavory a mess as any citizen of New York could see even if he should go to one of the activated-sludge sanitary sewage plants that, as Public Works Administrator, it was my pleasure to assist that great New York mayor, the late Fiorello H. La Guardia, to build.

Perhaps before this piece appears in print, Governor Dewey will have already done what the situation calls for. Perhaps he will have expiated this offense against public morality and political decency by again renouncing his candidacy for Governor of New York and making it stick. He should retire permanently to private life. However, I doubt that he will do this, so the only recourse that the voters of New York will have will be to defeat him on November 7.

Dewey's pretended renunciation of the governorship in favor of Mr. Hanley was not less hollow than his more recent "renunciation" of himself as a possible candidate for President in 1952. On October 15, in response to a question during a "Meet the Press" television program, Mr. Dewey was just as positive as he was last year that he would not be a candidate for Governor in 1950. And just as last year he had a candidate for Governor in 1950, so now he has a candidate for President in 1952. His candidate is General Eisenhower.

The question that will interest the people is whether Governor Dewey will do a "Joe Hanley" on Eisenhower in 1952 if the General falls for his palaver. Following his bestowal of blessing upon General Eisenhower, Dewey assumed a pose that gave the impression of a maiden about to receive her first kiss. General Eisenhower should not forget that this "renunciation" by the "Great Renunciator" came just as the campaign for Governor entered the home stretch and just as the Dewey-Hanley scandal was about to break. He should remember that candidates notoriously promise anything when they are desperately reaching for votes. Probably Dewey had a feeling that he would need something in the way of a life preserver to keep afloat when the price that he had bid for the Republican nomination for governor became known. So he grabbed at General Eisenhower without much thought as to the effect upon the latter of this noxious political scandal.

Governor Dewey talked as if he were not a candidate for President, but the picture that appeared in the New York *Times* of Dewey doing his television stunt seems even to one not disposed to be cynical, to have been posed with the Presidency in

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"CORRUPT, CALLOUS AND CONTENTED"

by Mickey Levine

THE MAN WHO casually hands a bookie two dollars to put on the nose of a filly named Evening Star in the third at Pimlico is now getting a good look at what he is paying for. What he gets for his money, besides the excitement, is police graft and corruption.

New Yorkers are currently being titillated by evidence of a huge Brooklyn gambling operation, replete with suave, perfume-loving gamblers, free television sets to complacent cops, and a weekly pay-off of an estimated $300,000 to less complacent ones.

As this took place in a city under a Democratic administration, some Republicans are prayerfully hoping that it can be used to "turn the rascals out." But the truth is that police corruption exists wherever there is organized book-making, prostitution, or narcotics peddling. Today Democratic New York makes the news. Tomorrow it will be Republican Philadelphia. As Senator Kefauver says, "Crime is non-partisan." And neither is it new. The cycle of corruption, public outcry, revelation, reform, and back again is about as old as New York itself.

At least as far back as 1863, New York Police Commissioners were being called upon to answer "charges." In 1866, James Parton had vehemently exclaimed "the government of the City of New York has had for several years an exceedingly bad name. It has fallen into complete contempt. It is a dishonor to belong to it." Tammany Hall saw to it in the next 80 years that most of its enemies were spared that dishonor.

By 1875, the Police Department had developed a standard alibi. When Commissioner Abraham Disbecker was called on the carpet before Mayor Wickham, he protested that "Public gambling which so long exerted a powerful influence for evil in the community and which extended to the police force itself, now no longer exists." A simple formula—corruption existed before you entered office, and will return if you should be compelled to leave, but you've stamped it out. Only last year, another Police Commissioner—now out of uniform—used the same worn-out recipe.

And so for 50 years, reform groups agitated for investigations; there were trials; Lexrow committees, special Grand Juries and investigating panels sprang up almost as fast as "bookmakers." Until the turn of the century, To Graft or Not to Graft was a question left completely to the conscience of each patrolman; Tammany, overlooking the police racket as a source of profit, allowed each precinct "home rule" as a sort of rent-free concession. When the Tammany tribe learned by the testimony of some frightened police grafters at one of the periodic investigations that "the department was worth from four to five millions a year," there was amazement and chagrin in the Hall. Four to five million!—and this 50 years before the Age of Inflation.

The climax in police corruption, at least up till now, came with the sensational findings of the Seabury Commission which led to the downfall of dapper Mayor Jimmy Walker who resigned and fled to England, but not as an Ambassador, since Mr. Hoover was still President. One year later Tammany nominated for Mayor John P. O'Brien who declared he was "boss free" and had made no commitments to any one. Docile New Yorkers, who would never doubt a judge's word, elected O'Brien because he said he supported FDR, Lehman and Wagner. A newsman questioning the new boss-free Mayor at a City Hall press conference asked who the next Police Commissioner would be. The man who had made no political commitments to anyone sweetly replied: "I don't know, boys. *They* haven't told me."

Today in cities of over a half-million population, the average tenure of a police chief is only two and one half years. Even marriages made in Hollywood last longer. And no movie scenario can exceed the sensationalism of our nationwide police record.

In Minneapolis, the police released all hoodlums, emptied the city jails—since the criminal business was in the red—and then entered into open partnership with the underworld; in Pittsburgh, gambling privileges were leased to favorite syndicates; in Philadelphia, the brotherly Police Department brought the policy racket right into the grade schools; in Detroit, during the halcyon days of rum-runners, that was the second largest industry of the nation's automobile center and a policeman's lot was a happy and lucrative one; in Chicago, Al Capone's political messenger boys made that town a "racketeers' and gangsters'" paradise; in Kansas City, the late Tom Pendergast carefully supervised all rake-offs for protected vice; in San Francisco, a moderate reform wave resulting in a few police dismisals occurred after an imprudent Barbary Coast madam attempted to deduct "pay offs" to the police as a legitimate operating expense from her income tax.

A national crime investigation undertaken by the US Senate Judiciary Committee under the vigorous

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leadership of Sen. Estes Kefauver has disclosed sensational information about the $15 billion yearly, nationwide gambling and crime "take." Preliminary investigations have already been made in Missouri, to unearth any links between organized crime and politics (in Missouri, you have to show them); also in Florida, where Judge Stanley Milledge has admitted that elected officials, including judges, fear the power of "gang overlords" more than the wrath of discerning voters; likewise in Chicago, where three unsolved murders of men who "bucked" the syndicates may prove to be the key to secrets concerning powerful crime groups; and, of course, in New York—the big-league city.

On January 1, 1946, 12 years of the LaGuardia reform administration ended in New York. William O'Dwyer, the new Democratic mayor stated, "I came into this job with no money and my head high, and I want to leave it this way."

Only a few months after "yielding the reins to the smiling Irishman from County Mayo," Robert S. Allen reports in *Our Fair City,* "LaGuardia was hinting darkly that the anticipated relapse had already set in." By the time of the next municipal election, it was apparent to many that reform had collapsed. Newbold Morris, Fusion candidate for Mayor, publicly accused Tammany of fostering gambling and crime. When Morris listed 124 bookmakers operating in Brooklyn, O'Dwyer snorted that the "police had more serious things to do." The Police Commissioner, W. P. O'Brien, now self-deposed, denied that organized gambling existed and added, gratuitously, that the police were honest.

A very wise, but unidentified old boss once said, "We can get along without the mayor, boys, but we can't get along without the D.A." The "boys" are bemoaning the sad fact that with Miles MacDonald, Kings County District Attorney, it is becoming increasingly harder to get along. One of his first unorthodox acts was to continue an investigation to find why O'Dwyer, when he was the Brooklyn D.A., failed to prosecute an admittedly air-tight murder case against one Anastasia, boss of the "one way ride" enterprise in that unusual borough. In February of this year, the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* published a series of startling "exposés" on police laxity in the matter of "muggings," shakedowns and inadequate methods of recording true crime statistics.

Because Mayor O'Dwyer was down South again, or maybe because investigations were taken as a common occurrence causing no harm and pacifying the multitude, the Board of Estimate voted MacDonald $60,000 with which to continue his investigation into alleged police connections with gambling. In March, astute Judge Samuel Leibowitz extended the term of the Brooklyn "gambling" Grand Jury for six months, and MacDonald stepped up the tempo, calling in police officers to testify on how they were making ends meet in these days of high prices, and calling in big-time bookies to explain the bonds between law offenders and law defenders.

When a police captain, queried by MacDonald, shot himself, 6,000 policemen led by their sympathetic Mayor, attended his funeral as a mass protest of MacDonald's tactics which O'Dwyer impetuously called a "witch-hunt and a war of nerves made popular by Hitler."

Within a few months, MacDonald was vindicated. O'Dwyer is in Mexico. His stand-in, Vincent R. Impellitteri, forced O'Brien to resign and appointed the Hiss prosecutor, Thomas F. Murphy, the new Police Commissioner. The entire police force has been shaken from bottom to top, inspectors rush into rapid retirement—and, they pray, oblivion—as the spectre of corruption haunts all New York.

Murphy may prove to be as formidable as his moustache and there is no doubt that today in New York City the heat is on. Yet there are still members of the force who solicit ads for local club leaders from vulnerable businessmen; bookies who are still being protected as they pay off the cop on the beat; arresting officers who are still making deals for a fee with the mouthpieces of the very criminals they arrest; and newspapers slyly publishing lists of betting establishments still in operation. Mr. Murphy has accepted a tough assignment.

Police corruption, all corruption, will probably exist as long as it is tolerated by an apathetic citizenry and as long as we permit extraneous issues to becloud the fight for decency in government. Today we vote for Tammany Hall in New York to express our opposition to Senators Taft, Wherry and McCarthy.

Once upon a time the "Boss" was despised and avoided by the upright, honest residents of the community. Today he publishes his memoirs, endorsed by respected national leaders. Once he was shunned by those who would not be corrupted. Today he is courted by dignified judges and praised by liberal political action groups.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* sounded this call for action:

> Citizens of New York—such is your government! Do you not feel ashamed of your conditions and prospects? Are you entitled to the high privileges of an American citizen, when misgovernment is at your doors, in the streets, when it exposes your person, your property, and is not instantly and effectively rebuked and corrected? The time is auspicious for action.

And the time was 1833.

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PART II: FALL BOOK SECTION

UP FROM UTOPIA: HOW TWO GENERATIONS HAVE SURVIVED THEIR WARS

by A. J. P. Taylor

IN 1923 EVERYONE was conscious of being "postwar"; this war was the Great War, the World War. Once it had been the War to End War; and even after five years no one supposed that it would have a rival. In 1950 men are conscious of being more prewar than postwar. The war they lived through has not even been dignified with a name of its own; it is merely World War II, a repeat performance, and interest is already focused on World War III. After the first war, memorials to the dead were put up in every town and village—in England, in France, in Germany, in the United States, though not, I suppose, in Russia. Millions of names were inscribed on these memorials: for King and Country, for God and the Fatherland, for Peace and Freedom. After the second war there were no new memorials. The names of the dead were added to any blank space that could be found on the existing memorials. The dead, if commemorated at all, were honored in some practical way—a village playing-field, a new heater for the local library. King and Country, Peace and Freedom—these made no fresh appearance. After World War I men went on celebrating Armistice Day for 20 years—and it was abandoned in 1939 only because the sirens would cause confusion. After World War II there was no armistice; and by 1950 men had forgotten which day they ought to celebrate. The Declaration of Independence, the fall of the Bastille, Shakespeare's birthday, are more alive in our memories.

World War I seemed unique, a cosmic catastrophe. England had not been involved in a continental war for a hundred years, the United States never. Even France and Germany, Italy and Austria-Hungary had been at peace for more than a generation. Only Russia had had recent experience of war—hence perhaps the different path which Russia followed at the end. Before 1914 there had been a universal conviction that war was at last impossible, a confident assumption that human affairs would improve indefinitely. When it came again, war seemed incredible, unnatural, and men therefore tried to saddle individual statesmen with "war guilt." The Allies blamed Kaiser Wilhelm; the Germans blamed "the entente criminals," Poincaré and Izvolski. By 1923 the more enlightened had changed their tune and were blaming their own statesmen. English liberals turned on Sir Edward Grey; American on President Wilson; only the Germans continued to find themselves guiltless. But before long, the search for individual criminals began to flag. Instead, men sought the "causes of war" as though war were the most unusual, instead of the most regular, of human activities. Not every civilization has Christianity; not every civilization has machinery; not every civilization has monogamy: they all have war.

World War II startled men less. They were dejected at having to go through it again; but they were not surprised. Everyone over thirty could remember World War I. So far as men sought for causes, they sought them for this particular war, not for war in general. And the causes this time were easy to find—almost too easy. Hitler and Mussolini had planned war as Wilhelm II, or Poincaré and Izvolski, had not. Even the Germans have acquiesced in this conclusion — they have shown themselves eager to repudiate Hitler in a way that a previous generation had not been prepared to repudiate, say, Bethmann-Hollweg. Indeed the conclusion is so obvious as to be tame; besides, it does not lead to any "constructive" outcome. With Hitler and Mussolini dead, the causes of World War II were certainly removed; but how could war be prevented in future? By 1950, minds had moved forward—had discovered, instead of war criminals, those who really should be blamed for World War II. They were not Hitler and Mussolini, or even their supporters, but those who failed to oppose them.

The statesmen of the pre-1914 era had been condemned for not negotiating with Germany enough; the statesmen of the pre-1939 era were condemned for negotiating with Germany at all. "Appeasement"—that is, the attempt at conciliation and agreement—was discovered to have caused World War II; and so, in a sense, it had. From this it was easy to jump to the general conclusion: "Appeasement" was the cause not only

FIVE YEARS AFTER

The first three articles in this special section compare the postwar moral and intellectual worlds of 1923 and 1950. The opening piece is a general summing-up of the two eras; the other two deal with the writers active in Europe and in America during the years under view. On later pages are printed essays and reviews which contribute in one way or another to the social and cultural balance this survey attempts to strike.

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of World War II, but of all wars. Certainly American policy by 1950 was designed to show that American statesmen had learned from the mistakes of the first "postwar." Whether standing on your head is the reverse of falling down may, however, be debated.

To consider the cause of a single war instead of the cause of war in general shows, at any rate, a practical spirit; and the second "postwar" seems more practical, more realistic than the first. Being incredible, World War I could not be justified merely as a war, a struggle for survival or even for conquest. Therefore it had to be justified by reference to high ideals—the War to End War, the War to Make the World Safe for Democracy. Wilson's Fourteen Points dominated the last two years of World War I and no man in modern history so focused the ideal hopes of mankind as Wilson did for a few brief months at the opening of 1919. The contrast between these hopes and the reality of the following years produced the disillusionment characteristic of the first "postwar." Indeed, "postwar" became a synonym for embitterment, a political hangover on a gigantic scale. Men had died in millions, endured the mud and filth of the trenches—for what? To return to a world very like the old one. Those who had remained at home writing tracts on wartime ideals were even more disillusioned than those who had fought. "War achieves nothing" became the common remark. In reality, World War I achieved a great deal: it would have been worth waging simply to turn the Germans out of the countries which they had invaded. But in addition, it liberated from alien rule peoples who had had no expectation of liberation when the war began. All this was brushed aside by the dogma, "war achieves nothing." Therefore the things the war had achieved—national freedom for hitherto unknown peoples, even the liberation of Belgium—were nothing; by definition worthless. The men of 1923 reached disillusionment as much by what had been done as by what had not.

The peoples who fought World War II were determined not to be deceived a second time. They fought for survival, not for ideals. And quite rightly: apart from the United States, survival as independent states was the immediate issue. In 1923 men were still lamenting that the Fourteen Points had not been applied; in 1950 few recollect the existence, and none the terms, of the Atlantic Charter. After World War II men's aspirations were lower and their achievements higher than after World War I. The Germans were denounced more fiercely in World War II and treated better afterwards. Economic recovery in every country has been more rapid and yet accompanied by fewer promises. In 1950 no one is surprised that Utopia has not been reached. Their error is perhaps the opposite: they are content with too little, not ashamed to find that things are turning out much as they had expected. In 1923 men everywhere felt that they had been deceived, merely because Utopia was not in sight. If they had been asked to fight a new war there would have been a universal explosion —indeed, danger of a very minor war drove Lloyd George out of power for life in 1922. Now men go off obediently to what may be the opening of World War III, and no one complains that Western statesmen have thrown away their victory, as men complained against Wilson and Clemenceau. Men in the West were not asked a second time to fight the War to End War; they were asked to fight the Germans and they did so successfully.

There is another side to this acquiescence in the hardships of the present and the future. Though there was more talk of ideals in World War I, more serious ideals were at stake in World War II and were taken more seriously. The Kaiser's Germany was branded a military despotism, a tyranny; as a matter of fact it was a constitutional monarchy and could have qualified as a founding member of the United Nations. The Tommy, *poilu* or doughboy of World War I thought that he was being exploited; believed, rightly, that there was little difference between himself and the German soldier in the opposite trench. Hitler's Germany really was a bestial tyranny; the concentration camps, the extermination of the Jews, the Gestapo, were all real. No Allied soldier who saw Buchenwald or Dachau could doubt that the war had been worth while. And not only Allied countries were liberated. Italy was genuinely liberated from Mussolini; and, whereas the Germans had not thanked the Allies for ridding them of Wilhelm II, this time they at least had to pretend gratitude for being relieved of Hitler. After World War II the peoples of the Western world were a good deal more doubtful that their ideals could be universally exported; on the other hand, they were much more confident that those ideals were genuine and worth defending.

The difference of spirit in the times had another cause. World War I was, on the whole, a bourgeois war: the masses fought for their masters, not for their own convictions. The Right fought enthusiastically, without reserve; the Left fought regretfully or not at all. The fifth column, a phrase in World War II, had been a reality in World War I. Every nation had a pacifist or anti-war group, led by men of noble character—MacDonald, Debs, Liebknecht, Adler, Lenin. By 1923 MacDonald was on the point of becoming Prime Minister; Lenin had ruled Russia for six years; even the French pacifists around Caillaux had been restored to favor and Clemenceau discredited. In World War II it was the Left that fought with conviction, the Right with regret. Winston Churchill has described how, in his first months as Prime Minister, he was received with cheers from the Labour, and silence from the Conservative, benches; many of those who cheered him (including even Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary) had been imprisoned as war-resisters in World War I. Similarly in the United States, World War I had been backed by the richer and more educated classes, by the legendary figures of Wall Street; and Wilson had won the votes of the masses in 1916 by keeping out of war. The opposition to Roosevelt, on the other hand, came from conservative Republicans; and support from the men of the New Deal. The labor movement in England and America supported World War II without reserve; it was the capitalists who found themselves

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involved in a struggle against collective bargaining, social security, and equal opportunity between rich and poor. Bourgeois ideals are abstract, fine phrases for a peroration. Working-class ideals are concrete, drab in a speech, but more telling when it comes to vital statistics. After 1918 young English people were promised Homes Fit for Heroes; after 1945 English children got orange juice and free milk. Years ago an American writer deprecated political democracy with the phrase: "The rich want liberty; the poor want ham and eggs." In 1950 the "poor" of the Anglo-Saxon world wanted both and were in a fair way to get them.

The year 1923 was "postwar" in feeling as well as in time. "Postwar" excused every evil. Unemployment was "postwar"; sexual immorality was "postwar"; discontent in Asia was "postwar." For, though the age imagined itself to be progressive, Utopian, looking to the future, in reality the "normalcy" that it demanded was a romantic version of the days before 1914, when capitalist economics and Christian morals had supposedly worked without a flaw. Harding, Bonar Law, Poincaré, Stresemann—the representative statesmen of 1923—were all concerned to restore a vanished past. For that matter even Wilson's ideal of self-determination was a dying echo of Gladstonian doctrine, not a vision of the future. The statesmen of 1950—Truman or Attlee—are looking forward. Maybe their vision does not extend very far; but at least they have escaped from the illusion that it is possible to retrace their steps. In this they are representative. No Englishman imagines that it is possible to restore the British Empire as it was in the nineteenth century; no American imagines that the United States can ever again lead a life of irresponsible isolation. Or rather, though a few imagine these things, public opinion rejects their dreams.

It is a temptation to make this the conclusion. The English-speaking world of the second "postwar" is more mature, more level-headed, more adult, than that of 1923; incredible, indeed, that it should have improved so much in less than a generation. In 1923 a conclusion based on the English-speaking world and that of Western Europe could have passed as a verdict on the world as a whole. Western capitalism was still master. The statesmen who met at Paris in 1919 had called themselves the Supreme Council; and they truly supposed that they were supreme in the world. Even when the United States withdrew, the destinies of the world seemed to depend on the decisions of England, France and Italy. Add a reconciled Germany, rank the Japanese as honorary Europeans, and the world would be complete. Much of the disappointment of that postwar world sprang from the illusion that the Big Three, squeezed away in the western extremity of Eurasia, controlled events. Here lies the greatest contrast with 1950. Once upon a time, Western Europe issued orders to all the world; now it cannot even defend itself. Though there are endless meetings of Western European statesmen, no one supposes that these will dictate events elsewhere; hitherto they have produced only paper projects for co-ordinating European defense before it is too late. Even the United States, despite its preponderance of material resources, stands on the defensive: it allows things to happen, instead of determining the agenda of history. The Western world of 1950 has improved socially and politically on the world of 1923; but now it exists on sufferance, not of its own right.

The Atlantic community has ceased to be the center of the world culturally as well as politically. In 1923 it seemed certain that Western values and beliefs would soon encircle the globe. All other civilizations — Mohammedan, Chinese, Hindu—were dead or dying. Soon everyone would wear a collar and tie; keep office hours; exercise vote by ballot; practice birth control; drive an automobile; pay an income tax; enjoy freedom from arbitrary arrest. By 1950 it has become clear that Western man exported his mechanical powers without exporting his ideas. His economic, military, cultural weapons are being turned against him by those who lack his virtues—though perhaps they have virtues of their own. The first postwar knew Communism; but it seemed then a disease of Western civilization, not a challenge to it. The first Bolshevik leaders were men of European mind, concerned to draw Russia more into Europe; their isolation was imposed upon them by the blunders of Western statesmen. The Communist movements of Germany, France and Italy grew out of earlier Socialist movements; they were not created or, at first, directed from without. Communist Russia was certainly idealized by millions of workers in Western Europe; but it was an ideal because it was supposed to be accomplishing the Western principles of Socialist democracy, not because it repudiated Western values. Moreover, Communism was still regarded as a European problem. No one noticed the Congress of Eastern Peoples which met in Turkestan in 1921.

By 1950 liberal civilization, supreme and universal after World War I, has lost much of Asia and now seems in danger of losing the continent of Europe as well. European statesmen talk more sensibly, perhaps even act more sensibly, than after World War I; but their spur is a new fear, not a new wisdom. In 1923 men's minds were taken up with the French occupation of the Ruhr; if only German reparations could be settled, the world—it was believed—would be secure and at peace. In 1950 who cares about reparations? Not even the Russians, now that they have carried home their loot. Who cares about "the German problem"? The only German problem is when and how to arm the Germans against the Russians; it seems beyond the bounds of credibility that the Germans themselves may again menace the world. Thus it is not only better sense that makes the men of 1950 resist the excuse of labeling everything evil "postwar"; they have found a larger label, one that will stretch even farther. Both labels serve the same purpose: they enable men to evade their problems or to give out that they are insoluble. When men said unemployment was "postwar," they meant that nothing could be done about it except to lament that World War I had taken place. And when men say that Communism is sweeping Asia, they are halfway to implying that nothing can be done about *it*.

As a matter of fact, many "postwar"

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problems of the twenties found a solution in the thirties; but these solutions did not depend on merely waiting until the effects of World War I should wear off. Thus Keynesian economics (a very different matter from Keynes's ill-founded attack on reparations) broke the problem of mass unemployment. In the same way, "Communism" would lose its hypnotic, paralyzing sound if there were a serious attempt to answer the question: "What causes men to become Communists?" The mortal error of the Western world is to imagine that Communism is caused by terror—by the secret police and the concentration camp. These are part of Communism, not its cause. Communism is caused by the sense of economic and social injustice; by unquestioning belief; by the longing for Utopia. The Western world will get Communism only if it is false to its own standards and tries to fight Communism in kind. The answer to intolerance is tolerance; the answer to intransigeance is compromise; the answer to unquestioning enthusiasm is skepticism; the answer to grievances is to redress them. The men of 1923 erred when they looked back regretfully to the past and lamented that the Great War had taken place, instead of facing their problems as they came. The men of 1950 make the same mistake when they regret the growth of Communism and lament the days when Russia was not a great power. The appeal of Communism is real; and so is the strength of Soviet Russia. To suppose that either of them can be made to disappear is the last of the Utopian illusions which the men of 1950 have inherited from a previous generation.

In 1923 men thought that the only alternative to Utopia was to be disillusioned and embittered. But men will not live forever in cynicism and despair. Fascism and Communism, new Utopias, were called in to take the place of the liberal Utopia that had failed. But the men of 1923 were wrong: there is a third way between Utopianism and despair. That is to take the world as it is and to improve it; to have faith without a creed, hope without illusions, love without God. The Western world is committed to the proposition that rational man will in the end prove stronger and more successful than irrational man. If the Western world abandons this proposition, it may conquer Communism but it will destroy itself.

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The Vanished Luxury of a Private Art

by V. S. Pritchett

TO COMPARE the writers of 1923 and 1950, that is to say five years after their respective World Wars, has a dramatic interest, but there will be a distinctly artificial element in the inquiry. To begin with, dates that are important to history rarely coincide with the crucial dates of literature. Then, the two wars themselves are only superficially alike. The former was an incompetent mass slaughter satisfying to no one, a shattering collection of blunders which disgusted human intelligence afterwards; the second was more ingeniously conducted and had a hypnotic satisfaction for those concerned with its immense technical side. But where the earlier, more destructive war merely succeeded in breaking or greatly weakening the governing class in every country—except America?—the second destroyed peoples, political opponents and the elementary axioms of humane civilization. It was a war against value. It is hard to find points of contact between the generation of 1923 and its well-furnished disillusion, and our bleak, unfurnished intellectual world where value has been incinerated.

In England, a thoroughly established literary culture existed at the time of the First World War; until 1931 there were many literary periodicals and there were several clear literary movements. One can point to controversies: the battle between the Sitwells and the dying Georgians; the quarrel between the Bloomsbury of Virginia Woolf and the dissidents in Cambridge that was to lead to Leavis' criticism; the severities of T. S. Eliot's *Criterion;* and finally the great political row of the thirties. In France Proust had written throughout the first war and in England the continuity was unbroken. By 1950 scarcely any literary periodicals remain. Cyril Connolly's *Horizon* went last year; this year John Lehmann's *New Writing* has gone. There are no new literary movements; and no one seems to wish to start any. The ardor of intellectual life has been absorbed and neutralized by the state-building cultural organizations, like the BBC, by economic worry and the suspicion that the future is short. The private venture has gone with the disappearance of private income; leisure and independence are finally impossible and inflation has killed that voluntary poverty which used to be the economic basis of Western culture. It is the artists themselves, obliged to become administrators, who are forced to regard the practice of art as a vanishing, and even a disreputable, luxury in a country whose energies and judgments have become exclusively social. (Ought the miners to be told about the modern novel? How to introduce the workers to literature? Is it true that this is futile and that the workers, who nevertheless no longer exist as an amorphous group, will be interested only in a culture of their own? When, if ever, are we to see a sign of that? Isn't it possible that it may not be a literary culture, that painting and written literature are finished? Have they not at last been destroyed by machine society? By radio, cinema, television? Among the workers, the older kind of cultivated trade unionist has given place to the specialist who knows nothing outside his political job. Socialism has lost its intellectually exciting side. Is it not significant that in England music alone is flourishing? New composers, no new writers.)

I shall return to these simplifications later. Let us go back, first of all, to 1923. I have said that literature has little relation to the critical dates of history. The years 1915 and 1930 are the important literary dates of the first postwar period. If we look at the names that appear within a year or two of the earlier date we shall find Katherine

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Mansfield, Aldous Huxley, Ronald Firbank, Virginia Woolf, Wyndham Lewis, Lytton Strachey. Earlier names are Norman Douglas, E. M. Forster, D. H. Lawrence and Bertrand Russell. In France, Gide, already well established, is in the midst of Dostoevsky. Two names of genius—there are none in 1950—must be added: Joyce (*Ulysses*, 1922) and Eliot (*The Waste Land*, 1923). All these writers, except Huxley and Eliot, had begun to write before or during the war. They had been formed in the last assured sunlight that Europe was to know. Although the work of these people dominated the twenties, they were not the true postwar generation. Except for the figure of Eliot, there is no sign of it, and Eliot's arrival at that moment has some ambiguity. His entrance into English literature, like that of Henry James and Nathaniel Hawthorne, seems belated; his air of being contemporary a deception. The sense of tradition in Eliot seems closer to Hawthorne than to ourselves. (Hawthorne himself felt remote in the middle-class England of Thackeray.) The real postwar generation did not appear until the late twenties and early thirties. To the complaint that there are no young writers now, we must point to the past and say that it takes ten years to get over a war.

What I falsely call the generation of 1923 was overrun by the armored writers of the thirties. That political attack was itself killed by events, and the reputations of 1923 recovered. Very naturally. They were brilliant writers and the last to produce figures of genius. They were men and women of strong intellectual digestion and decisive minds. They lived through a war more appalling than our own. They had to stomach the first national revolution the world had known since the revolution in France. They watched the destruction of the nineteenth century. They were violently shaken, but their capital of civilization was still large. They enjoyed iconoclasm. They admitted Freud and Lenin to sit at opposite ends of the liberal table. If tradition had collapsed, they were able to place a revolutionary reliance on their own brains and personality. So much so, one has often felt, that (like Picasso in painting) figures like Joyce and Eliot were ruinous. They felt able, through personal integrity, to sustain any moral or esthetic loss; in Eliot the loss of belief in modern society itself.

The wandering voice of Virginia Woolf, the deceptive meanderings of Forster, have the poise and iron of authority in them. Hence the brilliance of the period, its recklessness, its innovations, its daring curiosity; hence its fatal conviction that nothing so unclever, so stupid, so obviously bad for everyone and so irrational, as another war could occur or that an intellectually second-rate doctrine like Fascism could succeed. I do not say that these writers were complacent; there is more complacency in Shaw and Wells. Around the brilliance of each figure in 1923 there is a corroding fringe of shadow, a consciousness of living not in the world but in the strong artificial light of Bloomsbury and Cambridge; but they were—and felt themselves to be—an elite. D. H. Lawrence, the miner's son, felt this. T. E. Lawrence, the man of action, felt it too, and was frightened of his isolation. Sir Osbert Sitwell has pointed out this was the one moment in English social history when the intellectuals outplayed the aristocracy on their own traditional ground: the creation of fashion and modes of speech. The first serious social upheaval in England for a century had produced in cultivated circles a group of powerful and gifted declassés who left their mark on the arts and, later on, in the Spanish Civil War, were to act dramatically in politics, the Rudins of their time.

But in 1923 itself the remarkable thing (very remarkable when we compare it with 1950) was the rule of conversation. In any generation the men of genius give out the subjects; the men of talent talk about them. One has the impression that 1923 was a kind of small Wellsian Utopia—it had even had its Wellsian World War—civilized and devoted to the Wellsian notions of conversational balloon-flying and making love. (Eliot and Keynes—the two bankers of the time—had expressed doubt that the conversation would continue untroubled.) Huxley's novels were neo-Peacockian talk. The amateurishness and the weakness, the unofficial quality of talk were carefully sought by Forster; Virginia Woolf's essays were personal conversations and her self-communing novels sought that exact moment of intimacy which can be felt in the silences of good conversation. The novels of D. H. Lawrence—himself a genius who provoked intense conversation—are written in the guessing, slung-together, talking manner with its insights and repetitions; it is notable that he was proud of contradicting himself, as a good talker may be. In Joyce there is a similar strain. The impersonal, official idiom of the traditional novel is broken down into an interior monologue which is the mind talking to itself; and it is not an accident that the collapse of belief in orthodox statement of all kinds which followed the First World War should be reflected in the very manner and nature of its prose as well as in the ferment of amateur discussion in intellectual life. One of the chief rages of Fascism was directed against "the endless and fruitless discussions of the intellectuals," and—in their more dour fashion—the Communists took a similar line. A glance at Continental writers shows that conversation had the same prestige. It is most evident in the work of Gide. Free of orthodoxy, he is obliged to comment almost day by day on the effects of each new dose of experiment, revolution and liberty.

By 1950, if we look at the table where the talk used to flow, it is almost silent. Talk stopped when "awareness" went out as a cant word, when "bogus" and "phony" came in; it went out, that is to say, when propaganda arrived—the voice prevaricating at the committee meeting and on the air, resorting to primitive incantation among the tribes. The politicals are the only talkers left; noticeably, some of their voices have become religious. Silone's has; Orwell seemed to be drifting toward a mild religion of decency and kindness. If we are to put figures at opposite ends of the table in 1950, the Freud who wrote *The History of an Illusion*—one of the chief failures of augury in its time—

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will be replaced by Jung, the Pope, Kafka, Kierkegaard, even one of his Existentialist disciples; and for Lenin we can put any state builder. At the table itself, there is once more a prewar generation; as in 1923, a postwar generation has hardly appeared. We seem to be one, even two, steps down from the highest rung of Western civilization, feeling our way toward the step below. We call it, and we may be right, broadening the basis. But no Eliot, no Joyce, no Auden, no Sartre—above all, no Camus—in England. The English Socialist state is Victorian in its achievement of general social overwork. (What interests us in Lawrence now is not his ideas but the vivid fact that he could do what he wanted.)

The background of our dilemma has been sketched, in lines that are true because they are elusive, in the conversation between Oedipus and Theseus in Gide's *Theseus,* the book he finished in Algiers at the time of the liberation of France. Theseus-Stalin has saved his country from the Minotaur, the lovely and sybaritic monster (bourgeois culture, supported by so much tribute and human sacrifice?), and in his old age the cunning and immoral state-builder recalls his successes and his errors with the detached pleasure of a tank commander. The misfortune of the active life, Theseus reflects, is that the committing of necessary crimes gives no forewarning of the necessary crimes of others and indeed dulls observation and judgment. The behavior of Phaedra was a complete surprise to him. Oedipus, on the other hand, is the living exemplar of tragedy as the human lot. He is the victim of original sin for whom man is his own sacrificial victim, self-blasted but not quite subdued. At least he lives; at least he holds on to the necessity of pride. If as nothing else, Oedipus lives as a warning. For Theseus, the modified Commissar, whose cunning still remains, the important thing is that Oedipus, the exemplar, shall be persuaded to remain in his house and State and add the fame and curiosity of his extraordinary condition to its horror.

The allegory fits the falsely-called generation of 1950 very well. One or two emergent postwar talents are on the side of Oedipus. Gide's Theseus has something of the hedonist and cynic and we find his note in those of the very young who had "a good war" and who half enjoy the corruption that went with it. But against Theseus the citizen, the dominant imaginations of our decade have come to place the private man, the man of pain. Guilt, the personal wound, the damaged and ambiguous soul are their subjects. Sartre has spoken, typically, of the complicity between torturer and tortured. Camus has noted the last-minute reluctance to be liberated. After the disillusion of the thirties the bourgeois has either decided to be bourgeois or (more sensibly to my mind) has rejected the utility for the artist of criticism by category. To say, as Gorky did, that Dostoevsky stinks of the *petit bourgeois* like a goat, tells us nothing about Dostoevsky, something about Gorky, and overrates goats.

In England, as is well-known, we are adept at having it both ways. We believe we can have social justice and deal with original sin at the same time. Only our Catholic intellectuals disbelieve this, and they, whose number increases, exaggerate the general tendency rather than deviate from it. Their tendency is to reverse the moral of Gide's fable and to make Theseus abandon his State and throw in his lot with Oedipus on his endless journey, lamenting and living by the exposure of their wounds. The traitor, the renegade are more interesting to the Catholic Graham Greene than the hero, and—in a very different context—so they are to Elizabeth Bowen, who is not a Catholic. There is a recognition that the civilized mind is split; the split gives a confused, double vision and that is what these writers seek. Contemporary literature is a response to the hysteria of the English, American and Russian commissars or managers, an attempt to convince them that they share in the common guilt. It is an attempt to begin again from the irrational level and upon that to create the basis of a new humanism.

So the general guilt was the subject of Camus' *La Peste*; grief and guilt, of George Barker's poems, *News of the World,* and his new prose work, *The Dead Seagull.* They dominated Auden. Guilt is classical in the curious novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett, which are superficially Jane Austen but have more in common with Greek tragedy. In the variable novels of Henry Green, especially in *Back*, which describes the delusions of a returned prisoner, the hero's disorders are the defensive protest of the human mind against the damage done it by social hysteria and the new, Kafka-like bureaucracy of the war. This is the theme of Kafka, planted in the warmer, soggier, more pragmatic and cantankerously human English climate. For us it is not a lunatic's tragedy that we do not find the ruler of *The Castle;* the important thing is that the act of trying to find him shall be recognized as a fundamental human quality, to be weighed in our favor. This is a more "committed" form of what Forster would call the importance of feebleness.

It is true that the general attitude of our decade might be called pessimistic; and the Orthodox and Marxists of either camp—strangely united—can point to the fragmentation, the privacy, the decadence of the dominant writers as further examples of cultural decay or bourgeois decline. But from the point of view of the humanists this is nonsense, and nineteenth-century nonsense at that. The architects of the modern world spend a good deal of their time in destruction; we must look to the people they have damaged. It was Orwell who saw this most clearly as a social phenomenon. Orwell believed in the martyrdom of man, in the decency of "the people."

The real task, as the generation of 1950 has seen it after its political indoctrination during the wars of 1936 and 1939, is not to create a "people's culture," about which I teased our instructors early in this article, but to reinstate the authority of the inner life. This has been treated by some as a religious act—hence the religious revival—but it is, before anything else, a stand for the free imagination. In 1923, private life meant the insistence on personal values in a small elite of people; Katherine Mansfield had her nerves; D. H. Lawrence wanted his small colony of

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friends and to hear only his own voice; Aldous Huxley was non-attached when he wrote everything from *Crome Yellow* to *Point Counter Point,* and his subsequent "conversion" to religious non-attachment was no conversion at all. (Hence the impression it made.) He simply remained unattached on a larger moral scale, and he, too, is a colony man. In 1950, the basis of the conception of private life is far wider. It no longer means the elite; its class and racial extent are large. Some writers have found it possible to make "the people" imaginatively or intellectually interesting, which they were supposed not to be. We may even remind "the collective" that it has a private life, and may have a collective unconscious.

The evil of the generation of 1923 was that it could not understand the precariousness of its position—what generation can understand itself?—only Eliot, like Henry James before him, on their two islands in the past, had a detached view. The year 1923 saw itself as a beginning; it was really the end of the nineteenth century. In 1950 our literature can of course be read as a preparation for the anarchy or the barbarism to come; our manias may be no more than the disconnected and dying recollections of a destroyed civilization, personal fragments, some treasured tick or illness, the admired cancer, paralysis or incurable infection which give us our oddity and our role, as if we were beggars who take pride in selling our wounds on the street. Or again, resting from violence—which we have known now from childhood—we may throw up the meaning of humanism for the name of it, as Koestler seems to do when he argues for the preventive war. Popular literature has indeed reached a high point of cynicism. Perhaps the safeguard of 1950 is that we are getting used to having little hope; but perhaps that is also why we have developed so much psychological ingenuity. Since we knew 1923 we must have more than a touch of that erratic generation in us; our successors in five years' time may be graver, more inured and equable men.

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American Writers Come Back from the Wars

by Douglas Bush

AMERICAN LITERATURE of the early 1920s suggests that writers, like people in general, felt remote from the war and the international problems that followed. John Dos Passos and E. E. Cummings, to be sure, pictured it bitterly in *Three Soldiers* (1921) and *The Enormous Room* (1922), and the whole country had gone through a great upheaval, but the war had been in some sense only a spasmodic interruption of normal life. One reason why literature was preoccupied with the domestic scene was that the center of gravity had notably shifted from the East to the Middle West; a high proportion of both older and newer writers—Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis, Scott Fitzgerald, Glenway Wescott—were of Middle Western origin or background. In 1923 Anderson, seeking in sex a way of escape from American life, was floundering in the bog of *Many Marriages;* and Miss Cather had turned, happily, from the war (*One of Ours,* 1922) to *A Lost Lady,* a Middle Western version of the universal theme of beauty without integrity.

Whatever the impact of the war, the main impression given by the writing of the early 1920s is that American culture was having an attack of growing pains and, in its new mood of self-critical diagnosis, was not sure whether the trouble was gout or cancer. Earlier generations had grown up and grown old with cheerful confidence in the methods and results of acquisitive energy which had made everything in America bigger and better than anything anywhere else. Now, for perhaps the first time, an insistent chorus of thin or raucous voices was proclaiming that the grandiose ideal was hollow, that bathtubs and bonds were not a substitute for art and ideas, that the façade of wealth and progress concealed esthetic, intellectual and emotional poverty.

Our optimistic business civilization had had earlier critics (Dreiser, to go no farther back), but the antagonism of the literati hardly became a movement until after the war. Political isolationism solidified, but for literary expatriates (both on the Left Bank and at home) a quickened consciousness of Europe helped to expose the provincialism, philistinism and puritanism of the United States. The revival of Henry James, however, was still a long way off. In 1922 Harold Stearns's elaborate symposium on American civilization reached the general conclusion that there wasn't much. The *Dial*—until it expired in the effort—was conscientiously introducing strange and dubious foreign authors to the untutored natives; and for the esthetically-minded there were such happy proofs of growing American sophistication as James Branch Cabell, Carl Van Vechten and Joseph Hergesheimer.

From another direction the philistine giant was being attacked with clubs and meat-axes. For years the robustious firm of Mencken and Nathan had been deriding, with cosmopolitan whoops and gibes, the mores and tastes of the American "booboisie." Except in having a common enemy, the tough-minded group did not share the attitudes of the tender-minded—witness the hostile portrait of the "Aesthete: Model 1924," by Ernest Boyd, in the first number of the *American Mercury.* Both parties had a following in the colleges, where the ideals, on varying levels, were emancipation and sophistication. Young men and women, who in an earlier day would have emulated their fathers and mothers, were now emulating Scott Fitzgerald's young people or were trying to write like Mencken and Edna St. Vincent Millay. And the *New Yorker* was born (1925).

The new spirit of revolt was not unopposed. The prophets of the New Humanism, who had not yet gained many disciples or become "news," shared neither the popular optimism nor what seemed to them a gospel of disorder. To be emancipated was not merely to be unbuttoned. Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt diagnosed the

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modern maladies as a logical result of romantic naturalism. Their younger ally, Stuart Sherman, saw in Mencken the Satan of the new age and, seeking to mediate between Irving Babbitt and George F. Babbitt, appealed, in *Americans* and *The Genius of America* (1922-23), to the vital values of the Puritan tradition. Ernest Boyd promptly supplied the label, "Ku Klux Kriticism." Enlightened but less doctrinaire conservatism was represented by Henry S. Canby's *Definitions* (1922, 1924).

After the early 1920s critical interest and faith in the older American writers, above all Melville, became much stronger, but at the time they did not mean much to the rebels. The spirit of the Mencken-Nathan crusade was dramatized in *Main Street* (1920) and *Babbitt* (1922). Whatever may be thought of these novels as works of art, they were the first to bring the sad news to the general public that all was not well with America the Beautiful. In 1925 *Arrowsmith,* for all its satire, enabled many disturbed people to heave a sigh of relief that "that man" had found something to believe in—to borrow Bernard De Voto's phrase about the effect on a later generation of *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* But the reassurance derived from *Arrowsmith* was not supported by two other books of the same year that cut deeper than *Main Street* and *Babbitt.* In *An American Tragedy,* Dreiser presented the young murderer as the victim rather than the enemy of society; and in *The Great Gatsby* Fitzgerald employed a new irony and subtlety to expose the American myth of success.

The influence of some foreign authors reinforced American discontent and disillusionment. D. H. Lawrence was conducting his feverish war with civilization and thousands counted every groan. But two works of 1922, one by an ex-American, were to dwarf all others as universal pictures of the spiritual bankruptcy of modern man. *Ulysses* and *The Waste Land* were not only to remain the supreme landmarks of an age —the age of defeatism, everyone called it—but were increasingly to influence the spirit and technique of fiction and poetry. In 1922, however, the mass of readers associated these works with highbrow pornography and obscurity, and found an antidote in A .S. M. Hutchinson's *If Winter Comes.*

The chief name in the theatre was Eugene O'Neill: "Anna Christie" (1921) won the Pulitzer Prize; "The Hairy Ape" (1922) did not. In poetry, though Amy Lowell was magisterially busy, Imagism had revealed its emptiness. Even the people who didn't read poetry were aware—if sometimes only through Pulitzer Prizes—of Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson, and still more, perhaps, knew of the bardic Carl Sandburg and Vachel Lindsay. If these poets were read chiefly by the literary, they dealt with the common man, of the distinctly American species, and Frost and Robinson, far from carrying on Whitman's optimism, saw their New England themes with disillusioned eyes. The younger poets in their various ways were closer to "pure poetry," though the note of disenchantment could be heard in them. The year 1923 yielded a richer harvest than 1950 has shown so far: there were volumes from Frost, Robinson, Lindsay, Conrad Aiken, Robert Hillyer, Miss Millay, Elinor Wylie, among others; the first books of Louise Bogan and Wallace Stevens came out that year.

On the whole, we might say that writers of all kinds were seriously—though some poets not obviously—concerned with the quality of American life and to some degree with the modern situation in general. Moreover, in 1923 critics as diverse as Stuart Sherman, Horace M. Kallen (the *New Republic,* January 24) and Aiken (*ibid.,* April 11) assumed or insisted upon the social function of literature, its close and important relation to life.

When we jump to 1950, we find that the critical scene and temper are much altered. Most departments of English in the universities and colleges have their "writers," and (to extend the quip of a friend of mine about one department) are divided between scholars who think they are critics and critics who think they are scholars. Academic contributions not only to criticism but to poetry and fiction are now a major part of the literary output, and in the main the change has been beneficial for both writing and teaching. One may, however, have doubts about the entire health of the "new criticism" that has become increasingly dominant. It has done and is doing great service in substituting rigorous, concrete analysis of technique for vague impressionism, and at the same time it has, along with psychology, encouraged the free play of fancy. (I have suggested elsewhere a new and really convincing theory of *Moby Dick*: the White Whale as a prophetic representation of the Spirit of Literature turning and rending the fanatical, one-legged exponents of symbolism.) Further, while the new critics differ in outlook as in method, the creed has in general repudiated or slighted the social and ethical function of criticism in favor of exclusively esthetic and technical concerns. This retreat from critical responsibility was rebuked, for instance, by such a partial ally as the late F. O. Matthiessen; and Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination* is substantial proof that there are still intellectuals with an Arnoldian view of criticism and literature. But there are also a number of critics who, when universal darkness buries all, will be heard analyzing, in their own winning style, the tonal qualities of the definite article.

Such esoteric estheticism has not been unrelated to the obscurity of modern poetry, though we should distinguish between inevitable and legitimate and merely conventional and confused obscurity. The poetry of this last generation, compared with that of former ages, has not won friends and influenced people. But obscurity is only a symptom of graver ailments. The poetry of recent decades might be summed up under W. H. Auden's title, *The Age of Anxiety.* The last war did not produce a Wilfred Owen or even a Sassoon. Rather, the war and its prolongation have been merged with the general causes of modern man's spiritual plight —the failure of belief, the disintegration of culture and traditional values, the increasing alienation of the artist from a deracinated, mechanized and vulgarized society, the effects of scien-

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tific positivism and scientific power. To sum up these oppressive clichés, the poet, who is simply quintessential man, has felt himself enveloped by an inhuman world in which it has been difficult to breathe or to find any standing-ground except what he could establish for himself. Some poets clung, for a time, to the bright hopes of social action; some fed on frustration and despair; some found an anchorage in religion; some cultivated a very private garden; and some rediscovered the necessity and the strength of timeless natural things and affections. All our spectres have walked in earlier ages, though perhaps no earlier age has faced such a menacing array. But, whatever the individual poet's situation or solution, recent poetry, notably that of the young, seems to have risen above conventional complaint and to be working toward fuller exploration and communication of common experience.

The theatre is discussed elsewhere in these pages and can be spared no more than a glance at this point. One does not recall any antecedent for "The Cocktail Party," but one could hardly ignore the affinity between *The Great Gatsby* and "Death of a Salesman," or, to stick to the stage and the war, between "What Price Glory?" and "Mister Roberts." And an alert social historian of the future might note the advance in mechanization from "Desire under the Elms" to "A Streetcar Named Desire." We can only wish for more plays like "The Skin of Our Teeth" (1942).

In fiction there have been both continuity and radical change. We have had a stream of bulky "historical" romances, on or above the commercial level but rarely in the simple vein of Sabatini and *Beau Geste.* A common ambition was crystallized in one alluring advertisement of a book said to be packed with "treachery and lechery." A. B. Guthrie and others have carried on serious "Westerns" with more virility but rather less classical distinction than Willa Cather. One central phenomenon of our period was the rise of Ernest Hemingway, *le Byron de nos jours,* whose familiar blend of toughness and sentimentalism is again illustrated in his new book. Another phenomenon was the flourishing and the decline of the realistic and naturalistic novel (Dos Passos, Farrell, Steinbeck and others). Clinical reporters on American life became much more rough and savage than Lewis had been, and we may try to imagine the picture a social historian of the future will draw from the novels of the 1920s and 1930s.

To that picture William Faulkner will contribute a lurid patch, since his novels are on one level a ruthlessly violent account of a Southern area. But on another level Faulkner is a symbolist poet, the chief American exponent of the anti-realist impulse that has inspired much of the newer fiction. Anti-realism has grown out of various motives: reaction against realistic reporting; the psychology and symbolism of the unconscious; the influence of Joyce, Kafka and other explorers of mental states and problems that demand something beyond ordinary techniques—and we might add Dickens and Dostoevsky, since the modern sensational-symbolic novel is not altogether new. Further, while the older novelists attacked recognizable evils, and stood outside and above what they condemned, Faulkner and others show no such clear division between right and wrong; there is rather a universal guilt and fear and blindness.

The actual fighting of the Second World War seems to have been largely left to the movies; novelists have dealt with particular or general consequences and implications, most directly in such documentary novels as John Hersey's *The Wall* and James Gould Cozzens' *Guard of Honor.* At the opposite pole of anti-realism are Albert J. Guérard's sensitive and moving *Night Journey* and John Hawkes's brilliant nightmare, *The Cannibal,* where war is the indistinct background, or the most violent expression, of the inner cravings and tensions of modern man. Likewise in Robert Penn Warren's more orthodox "romantic novel," *World Enough and Time,* an episode from Kentucky history, though richly developed in itself, only provides the crimes and torments of a self-deceiving idealist. Of course recent years have brought their quota of novels about the contemporary American

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scene (and *The Cardinal* has stayed securely at the head of the best-seller list), but the chief novels have not, like those of the 1920s, been mainly criticism of American ways and illusions. Like the poets, the novelists have been concerned less with American man than with man. That is partly a tribute, but it prompts a query. Without yielding to Victorian nostalgia, one may ask if man is a substitute for men, if themes and ideas, however ably handled, can take the place of characters who live as persons. Are there many novels of the whole period 1923-50 that we want to reread?

However, the most cursory stocktaking in 1950, if it reveals no masterpieces, testifies to an impressive abundance and variety of talent, old and new, and an impressive degree of seriousness and maturity. (There is also, apparently, a bigger and more discerning audience for good writing than there was in 1923.) Imaginative writers, like intelligent citizens generally, are less bound than they were by a limited Americanism, have developed a fuller sense of humanity. And while a generation ago writers might have shared the national inferiority complex in cultural matters, that has disappeared. Modern American literature has exerted as much influence as it has absorbed. And perhaps the new danger will be complacency, not about plumbing, but about writing.

Douglas Bush, professor of English at Harvard University, is the author, among other books, of "Paradise Lost in Our Time" and "Science and English Poetry."

Mythology and Melville

by Malcolm Cowley

WE ARE STILL in the midst of the Melville boom-or-bust. During the past year it has produced two remarkable contributions to Melville scholarship and soon there will be a third—Jay Leyda's *A Melville Log* (Harcourt, Brace)—which may or may not be remarkable, but which promises at the very least to cast new light on Melville's career; it will be discussed in due time. Meanwhile I should like to talk about the other two books, which are in danger of being confused with each other since both are critical studies and both have the title *Herman Melville*. These are, however, almost their only similarities.

HERMAN MELVILLE, by Newton Arvin (American Men of Letters Series; William Sloane Associates; $3.50).

HERMAN MELVILLE: A CRITICAL STUDY, by Richard Chase (Macmillan; $4.50).

Newton Arvin's *Herman Melville* is remarkable simply because it is *good*, that is, perceptive, reasonable, balanced and persuasive in its judgments. Arvin has mastered an art that is essential to sound criticism: the art of making qualifications that seem to weaken his direct statements, but really strengthen them by bringing them closer to the complicated truth. Thus, in discussing the form of *Moby Dick*, he does not say, "It is an epic poem," a statement or challenge that would simplify the truth. He says, with all the restricting clauses, "If one must look for analogies that will do a little to express the effect *Moby Dick* has on us in form—and they can do no more than that at the very most—it is not to tragedy that one should turn but to heroic poetry, to the epic."

He does not stop at this point. Having limited his statement—much as if he was retiring to a fortified position—he brings up the evidence that will support and expand it. He explains how American life at the time, and Melville's life in particular, had about them an epic feeling like that of the Homeric age. He says that *Moby Dick* combines two epic themes, the voyage and the chase. He shows that the fourfold, wavelike movement of the novel (which he describes at length) suggests the sixfold design of the *Odyssey* or the fivefold design of the *Lusiads*. At the end one feels that, with his qualifications behind him, he has reached something close to a final statement.

Another critical art he has mastered is that of rising to the level of his subject without overleaping it. When he discusses Melville's earlier narratives from *Typee* to *White-Jacket*, he pays perhaps a little more than the right degree of attention to their half-disclosed psychological depths, but usually his tone is as factual and happily adventurous as Melville's was in those early days. When he discusses *Moby Dick*, his tone rises as Melville's did and his very long chapter, "The Whale," is not only the best he has written but stands high among the achievements of recent criticism.

He does not overestimate the later books. "Critically speaking," he says, "and from the point of view of poetic value, almost nothing Melville later did is comparable to his one very great book. Much that he later did has so real an interest, and has incited so much commentary, as to blur and becloud the fact that it is work not only on a lower level but on a level that is lower by several wide degrees." Arvin praises only one novel, *Billy Budd*, among the four that followed *Moby Dick* and he speaks of it in terms that reveal more affection than critical admiration. On the other hand, he is mildly enthusiastic about Melville's poems and persuades us to accept the value he sets on them by quoting exactly the right lines. His book is remarkable not only for its positive qualities but also for the absence of serious faults. For a long time it will serve as the best general introduction to Melville's work.

Richard Chase's *Herman Melville* is remarkable for quite a different reason: because there is no other book of our time, and perhaps no other in the long history of critical writing, that seizes on a method so eagerly and rides it so far into the clouds. The method, sometimes called "mythological criticism," is becoming fashionable in the universities; it consists in looking for the myths embodied in or suggested by an author's work. Chase, however, carries or is carried by the method far beyond the point of merely looking for myths in Melville's writings. Seeming to regard them as Holy Scripture, he sets out on a

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search like Swedenborg's in the *Arcana Coelestia,* with the aim of fully revealing their inner or spiritual meaning.

There are suggestions of such a meaning in Melville's work. In the spirit of his age, which strengthened his personal inclinations, he was interested in what Swedenborg called "correspondences." He made conscious use of emblems, tokens or symbols; and sometimes, like his friend Hawthorne, he wove the symbols into connected allegories—although he distrusted the allegorical method after using it in *Mardi* and deciding that the book was a failure. Chase therefore has a real field for research, besides the ingenious type of mind that leads him to look for the implications hidden beneath hidden implications. There is at least a germ or possibility of truth in almost everything he says; but unlike Arvin he has never learned to qualify his statements.

One weakness of his method is revealed by his continual misuse of the copulative verb—the "is" that joins subject to predicate like a sign of identity. Thus, he says that Bulkington, a very minor character in *Moby Dick,* "is"—not "suggests" or "carries with him a hint of being," but flatly *is*—"the titanic body of America (as the word 'Bulkington' suggests) stirring out of the uncreated night and passing ponderously into motion and consciousness." Those are big phrases to use in connection with a character whom Melville introduces in one paragraph and soon afterwards dismisses in a "six-inch chapter," which he says will serve as Bulkington's "stoneless grave"—and a small one, too, in which to inter the titanic body of America. Chase devotes more than twice as many words to Bulkington as Melville does; but it is not until he begins writting about the characters in Melville's next novel, *Pierre,* that he reveals his full talent for discovering spiritual correspondences and for abusing the word "is." I quote:

"Like Ahab, Pierre is the vessel of the Promethean fire. He is 'stone,' charged 'with the fire of all divineness'; he is the human clay, transfigured into a Titan. . . . Isabel, or Bell, as she is also called, is Darkness. . . . Lucy is light in more than name. . . . Isabel . . . is the 'clog from Chaos' who drags the world back into the womb of Old Night." Turning a few pages, we find that Chase has finished with his fire-day-night identities and is now comparing *Pierre* with the Apocalypse of St. John. "Pierre is Christ," he says. ". . . Glen is Antichrist. Pierre's mother is History or Society, the old, established, conventional, unredeemed Jewish church. The Reverend Mr. Falsgrave is the Laodicean church. Lucy is the New Jerusalem. Isabel is Babylon." And so on for page after page until we reach the statement that "Perhaps at less conscious levels"—were all these identities consciously present in Melville's mind?—"there are other relationships. . . . Lucy may be the silver cord, Isabel the golden bowl, Mrs. Glendinning the pitcher, the cycles of history the wheel, Pierre the body which contains these symbolic organs"—namely, cords, bowls, pitchers and wheels, and in addition, let us hope, lungs, liver and heart.

It would seem to most critics that the whole attempt to reinterpret *Pierre* in terms of the Bible is an exercise of pedantic ingenuity and an attempt to read back into Melville all the wealth of literary allusions that Joyce put into his *Ulysses* after working over the manuscript for eight years (whereas *Pierre* was written in a few months, by an exhausted man on the edge of a nervous breakdown). Nor is this Chase's only mistake. Even if the correspondences were really suggested in *Pierre*—they could not be more than suggested, and in a shadowy fashion—Chase would still be wrong to use the copulative verb, since it gives a radically false impression of the symbolic method that Melville sometimes followed. Symbols are not equivalents or identities of the values symbolized; they are real persons or objects that suggest those values among others. To say that Isabel, for example, *is* Darkness or Babylon amounts to sayingly she *is no more than* Darkness or Babylon and that accordingly she *is not* a human being (as perhaps she isn't) or even truly a character in a novel.

There is, however, a still greater

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weakness in Chase's mythological or mystagogic criticism. It encourages him to misjudge the artistic quality of the works he is discussing, by tempting him to believe that the greatest novels are those which suggest the greatest wealth of allegorical meanings. In his book on Melville, for example, it leads him to magnify *Pierre* as a companion novel on the same level as *Moby Dick;* whereas Arvin, after making the necessary qualifications, gives us the final judgment on *Pierre* by saying that all its high qualities are not enough to keep it from being "four-fifths claptrap, and sickly claptrap to boot." *The Confidence Man* is as tired and dismal a novel as was ever published by a first-rate writer, but Chase finds it rich in allegorical values (including sermons to use against Henry Wallace, whom Chase obsessively doesn't like) and therefore he raises it to a very high place among Melville's works: *"The Confidence Man,"* he says, "is a supreme achievement."

The sort of myths and puns and dreamlike symbols for which he is seeking depend more on an author's subconscious than they do on his conscious mind. Often the subconscious functions best when the author is close to a mental collapse and is writing at top speed to support his family. This seems to have been the case with Melville and it explains the qualities that Chase admires in *Pierre* and *The Confidence Man;* it also explains why both books failed as works of art. But the qualities, good and bad, were not confined to Melville. I am speaking seriously when I say that the works of Horatio Alger Jr. are rich in symbolic meanings and that they embody in striking images not only the American myth of the poor boy making good but the greater and older myth of the orphan seeking his spiritual father. The works of Frederick Van Rensselaer Dey, who wrote most of the Nick Carter stories, are much admired by the French Surrealists—and with good reason, for they too are myths and fantasies and they depict a struggle between gods and titans. Here is a rich field neglected by the mythological critics. Chase would earn the gratitude of every scholar if he would devote his talents to revealing the mantic, oneiric, parabolic and anagogic values embodied in the works of Horatio Alger and Freddie Dey.

The Age of Theories

by Hans Kohn

IDEAS AND MEN: THE STUDY OF WESTERN THOUGHT, by Crane Brinton (Prentice-Hall, Inc.; $6).

THE TEACHING of history, as that of other fields, is subject to changing fashions; research may uncover new facts. More important, however, are the different interpretations which shift the emphasis from approach to approach. In the nineteenth century, history was taught mostly as the story of kings and wars and political frontiers. With the growing international tension it became the story of diplomacy and of national ambitions. Not so long ago the events of history were analyzed for the economic background and the social structure which they clothed. At present the stress begins to fall on the history of ideas and their contribution to the shaping of events and trends. Thirty years ago, at least in the United States, the great bourgeois age of unprecedented and rapid economic progress which had set in a century before in Western Europe seemed still to be gaining vitality. From his zenith of wealth and technology, the historian surveyed the land and found everywhere powerful economic forces and social changes at work. No wonder that under these circumstances the "economic" interpretation of history became fashionable in American colleges.

In the last years, however, and almost unexpectedly, ideas and emotions began to reveal their hold on the human mind. The Hegelian messianic ideas of Karl Marx seized power in a mighty empire. The bookish ideas of solitary thinkers and lonely dreamers — Gobineau's race or Nietzsche's superman—suddenly radiated a frightening political potency. Apparently dull and mediocre figures threw a magic spell over millions and were deified, like Hitler, as the "leader" of a nation or, like Stalin, as the "leader" of all mankind. Students of history became aware of the might of ideas. Western civilization, so proud and secure in the nineteenth century, became aware of the fragility of all historical life and was beset by rising doubts of its validity. The teaching of history, naturally enough, responds to the general moods of the climate of the time. For the last twenty years Western thought, especially in the advanced form developed in the United States, has been under constant attack. Hitlerism and Stalinism and their various tributaries have based their aggression upon "ideological" grounds. The reaction to this coercion was a new emphasis on Western civilization, on the emergence and growth of the systems of thought which form its heritage, on the ideas expressed by a "thinking elite" and the influence of these ideas upon the life of the people.

Therefore, the appearance of *Ideas and Men,* by Crane Brinton, is most timely; it is the book for which many will have been waiting these last years. Professor Brinton teaches intellectual history at Harvard. His interest has mainly centered on the English and French thinkers of the one hundred years which found their climax and their divide in the French Revolution. He has the great and rare gift of writing about very difficult and complex problems with an easy grace and lucid simplicity. Whether the book is assigned in introductory college courses or used by the general public, it will grow upon the reader; his fear of boredom at "intellectual history" will soon turn into a feeling of participation in the world of ideas under a kind and understanding guide.

Brinton feels an affinity to the thinkers of the eighteenth century, the age of rationalism and enlightenment. It was the very century in which the United States was born, and all its founding fathers grew up in its atmosphere. Brinton's "faith" makes this very American

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book even more American. But his rationalism has lost the exuberant assurance of the eighteenth century. It has become conscious of limits and perils, it has gained wisdom and balance. This wisdom and balance is what makes the book so valuable. It breathes an air of civilized tolerance that will strike the reader as typically Western and thoughtful. It succeeds in what it professes to attempt, "to maintain an inoffensive scepticism, and even a certain amount of humility."

"Ideas and Men" covers a wide ground, from Greek and Hebraic thought to the mid-twentieth century. Perhaps a critical reader may object that the Roman contribution to the common heritage is understated, but on the whole the proportions are well kept and the text is enlivened by quotations from the sources. The tone of the book and its way of approach may best be given by two characteristic statements. Summing up the experience of the last decade, Brinton writes, "the most plausible explanation of the comparative failure of the ideals of democracy and progress [the eighteenth-century ideals] lies in the overestimation their holders made of the reasonableness, the powers of analytical thought, of the average man today; that therefore all interested in man's fate should study with great care the way men actually behave, the relation between their ideals and their acts, their words and their deeds; finally, that this relation is not the simple, direct, causal relation most of us were brought up to believe it is." Brinton rightly rejects the nihilistic pessimism which asserts that reason is helpless in problems of value. "It can do much; above all it can persuade men and teach men. But it cannot achieve the impossible task of eliminating what to the pure rationalist is the perverseness of men—each man's conviction that beyond some irreducible point he is not like other men, that he has a will, a personality of his own. That will, at some point, must bolster itself with faith, the evidence of things not seen."

Hans Kohn is professor of History at the City College of New York and author of "The Idea of Nationalism," "The Twentieth Century" and other books.

The History of Reform

by Gerald W. Johnson

THE AMERICAN AS REFORMER, by Arthur M. Schlesinger (Harvard University Press; $2.25).

THE AMERICAN as reformer, according to Arthur M. Schlesinger, is first of all a private citizen, for as soon as he gets a political job he becomes an administrator. In the early days—citing in all cases the more extreme examples—he was an eccentric (Thoreau, Garrison, John Brown); later he became a member of a splinter party (Free Soiler, Populist, Socialist); but now he is a lobbyist representing a pressure group (too numerous to mention, there being 1,100 registered in Washington, although not all are reformers).

This progression the historian attributes to the fact that while American tradition is hospitable to reform, the American two-party political system is very shrewdly designed to resist it. The reformer is for abolishing every evil as soon as it becomes manifest; the major party is for abolishing no evil until it becomes unendurable. The pressure group is the best means yet devised for convincing a major party that a specific evil is in fact unendurable, hence its immense development in recent years.

Schlesinger looks upon this development with some dismay, as offering a threat to democratic government. For some reason he omits any examination of what was by long odds the largest, shrewdest, most ruthless and, for a time, the most prodigiously successful pressure group in American history, the Anti-Saloon League. Not only did it overawe legislatures and Congress, but it actually rewrote the Constitution; nevertheless, eventually it failed. Surely, here is comfort for those who are affrighted by such relatively minor organizations as the CIO and the National Association of Manufacturers.

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The author's perturbation over the present scene is, however, just that. It is not panic. It is a long, long way from panic. Schlesinger, indeed, exhibits a sturdy confidence in the common sense of the people that makes his monograph—it is too slender to be called a book—a refreshingly cheerful note in the thundering chorus whose burden is "Ichabod" that has been assailing our ears for the past year or two.

It is not that he eschews denunciation. In the last of the three sections—they are based on three lectures delivered at Pomona College in California—he lays upon those who, in the name of Americanism, would debase and degrade everything the word should mean, an anathema that might be envied by Bishop Ernulphus himself. The Un-American Activities Committee and its numerous spawn extort from him a jeremiad that every liberal will find beautiful. It closes, however, with as sober a bit of common sense as has reached the public prints in a long time. Russian Communism, he admits, is a menace before which "it behooves every citizen to be vigilant as never before. But intellectual delirium tremens is not the answer. Rather, let us put our faith in the historic principles that have raised the United States to its present position of moral leadership in the world."

The American As Reformer is one of those rare books against which a reviewer can bring, as his only just and serious complaint, the charge that it is too short.

Gerald W. Johnson, newspaperman, historian and critic, is the author, among other books, of "Incredible Tale: The Odyssey of the Average American in the last Half-Century."

Forward and Backward in the Theatre

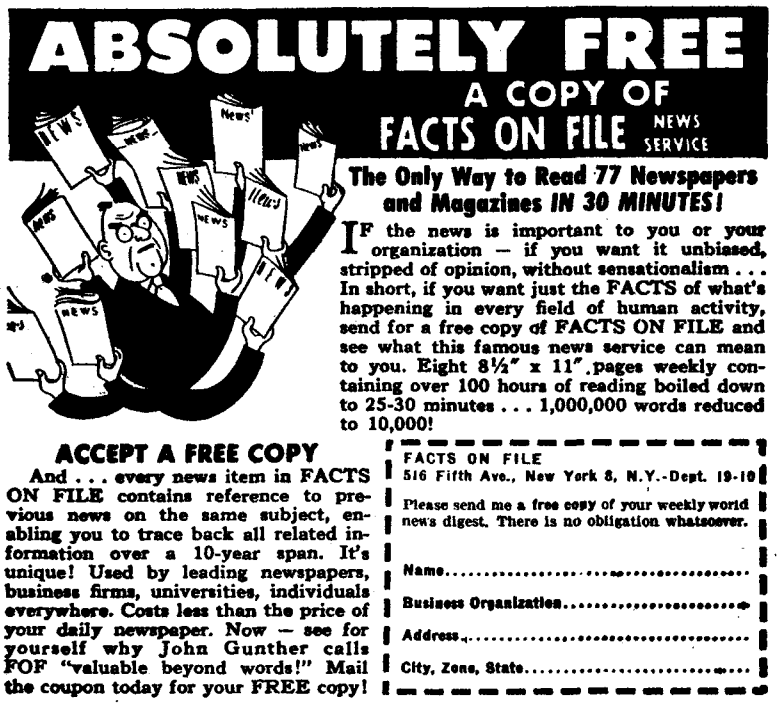
by Harold Clurman

"AMERICAN life in the past," an important writer, born in 1889, muttered to me recently, "was often violent, crude, vulgar; today it is merely insipid." Translated into theatre terms, this depressing reflection may be said to be almost objectively accurate. The theatre of 1923 (generically the period of "stabilization" after the First World War) was an expanding enterprise; the theatre of 1950 (representing the unsteady "peace" after World War II) is undergoing palpable shrinkage.

Inveterate optimists (whose good nature does not guarantee health) will say that if there is less theatre now, at least our present level is higher. The facts do not bear them out. Not only was there more theatre in 1923 (outside as well as inside New York)—190 productions for the season of 1922-23; 195 in 1923-24—but almost every producer, actor, designer, writer of whom we have a right to be proud began his career or came into his own in the earlier period.

The reason for the theatre's present deterioration is largely—but not essentially—economic. The year 1923 was a time of prosperity and, what is even more important, confidence. Movies and radio were growing, but they did not impede theatrical activity. Theatrical production was cheap—a one-set play could be done in New York for $5,000—and new playhouses were being built all over the Times Square district. Producers used their own money or had one or two permanent backers who could be depended on to allow the producer to do three or four plays of his choice each season. The number of productions rose season by season to the all-time peak—more than 300 productions—of 1927.

Certainly a great deal of trash was presented, but it is always so. The point is that Eugene O'Neill wrote his best plays then, and there was a rich outcropping of young playwrights: George Kelly, Sidney Howard, Philip Barry, Maxwell Anderson, George Kaufman, John Howard Lawson; most of them writers whose effort continued on a creditable level for a long time. Experimental theatres flourished, and experimental theatre then did not mean as, to a large extent, it does now, inadequate theatre. O'Neill was the leading "experimental" playwright, and the Provincetown Players (later transformed into the firm of Kenneth MacGowan, Robert Edmond Jones and Eugene O'Neill) as well as the Theatre Guild (formerly the Washington Square Players) were considered experimental groups. Among the younger actors of the time were Alfred Lunt, Katherine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Edward G. Robinson. Producers then were sturdy men who had served a long apprentice-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ship in the business and not, as is common now, fly-by-night promoters.

The moral and psychological attitude of the people in and around the theatre (including the audience and the press) at that time was considerably different from what it is today. Now a playwright becomes "great" with his initial success. O'Neill, whose career dates back to 1915, did not enjoy financial success until "Anna Christie" in 1921. Arthur Hopkins, a silent partner in "On Trial" in 1914, became a respected producer through a series of plays that were not notable as money-makers before he produced "What Price Glory?" in 1924. The theatre then as now had to be profitable to exist—but profit was not the only criterion. Today Sean O'Casey's latest play (as well as several earlier ones) cannot find backing because the black angels of finance, while conceding O'Casey's merit, shy away from permitting themselves a "bad investment."

The serious dramatist of the earlier period felt free to fail: He did not believe he ought, or would be obliged, to quit the theatre if several of his plays flopped. Success today for the playwright (not to mention the actor) induces fear. He becomes thrifty with his talent: a few missteps and he may be labeled a has-been. His former "greatness" will no longer assure quick financing of his future work. He engages only in bouts he can win. This strategy nearly always ends in a slackening of his creative vigor. Respect for himself as an artist diminishes, and with it, naturally, respect for the theatre.

What were the playwrights saying in the early twenties? What was the spirit of the times as the theatre reflected it? It was a time of great questioning. Low-grade Puritanism was rejected both seriously and frivolously; the cult of the Almighty Dollar was mocked. Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt* struck the keynote for the assault, and countless plays echoed his mordant examination of the business culture. Some writers were so fervently in earnest that they sought a faith beyond their skepticism, and despaired when they failed to find one. Besides the jeers of flippant disbelief one could hear the curses of an honest (if frequently thin) pessimism.

All this did not bespeak a merely juvenile nihilism. There was passion in O'Neill. There was affection (as well as a slangy eloquence) in Maxwell Anderson's anti-war humor, as there was compassion in the anarchistic protest of his "Gods of the Lightning." The obscurantism of American "normalcy" was scoffed at through a growing awareness and love for America. We were interested in Europe then—remember all the foreign theatrical companies that visited us in 1923—and we even took to our hearts the somewhat fermented Continental irreverence of Guitry, Molnar and Coward because we thought that their poison might prove our tonic.

The 1923 era was energetic. The expressionistic technique in writing and scene-design—a German import—being too superficial, did not make a lasting impression, but it keyed up our senses

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and awakened us to new possibilities. We were willing to raise hell (and lose money!) then, because we were confident of our riches—and we did not feel that they were all in our pockets. Never before had we hurled so much miscellaneous defiance at the universe, and never before did we have such a good time doing it.

The picture today is one of a descending line of activity—there were only 56 productions in 1949-50—theatres are being sold right and left to radio and television companies—the cost of production is not only nine times as high as in 1923, but because every "genius" connected with a production is eager to prove himself indispensable by making exorbitant money demands, the overhead of many plays is so high that even after a run of eight months they are financial losses. (A "genius," by the way, is a person held to be responsible for one or two smash hits—therefore hard to get.)

Most of the "genius" playwrights now have short careers, and a brilliant performance is the signal for an actor's departure from the theatre. Worst of all is the fear of failure which intimidates everyone into a self-imposed regimentation that acts as an effective censor on ideas, experimentation, the sense of adventure, the pleasure of spontaneous creation. The prevailing mood in the more serious drama is that of a colorful stalemate.

My protest now would be utterly vain if I thought for a moment that America today was producing people of lesser talent or that life had become futile. "Let us not put out our eyes with a handful of facts." Our time is tragic, but we are still young. Everything still remains to be done and said. If people have not listened before, we must say it all over again. What have we to say? We have to find out why it is that we appear so lost, why we seem so tired, why we boast so much and quake even more.

It is true that because of the tightness of our present economic situation, the normal reaction—in the theatre as elsewhere—is an extreme and palsied conservatism. Anti-war plays and certain other types of controversial plays, for example, cannot be produced today—and perhaps should not be. But if facile propaganda now seems hopelessly inept, there is all the more reason to probe deeper into the sources of our dismay. In a time of fear, the dramatist has the happy duty of making his work subtler than ever. A poetic rather than a journalistic realism may be in order, though I hope that it will not take the form of the elegantly oblique defense of the *status quo* represented by "The Cocktail Party." The serious dramatist today has no right to co-ordinate himself into our totalitarian cowardice—even before he is gagged. If we have positive beliefs they should be affirmed. If we are confused—and surely there is nothing shameful in that—why is our confusion not dramatized, the nature of our conflicting urges not voiced?

We have today new playwrights like Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller, not to speak of the still capable men of the thirties and even the twenties; we also have talented young actors like Marlon Brando, Arthur Kennedy, Julie Harris. But their presence alone assures nothing, since, as we have seen, the resplendent twenties did not leave the heritage it promised.

The flaw in the twenties was that it lived with the illusion that the sheer exuberance of doing, and doing brightly, provides a future. There was insufficient examination of craft needs and basic principles; there was too little fundamental study of how a sound permanent structure, a continuous tradition, might come into being so that the theatre might stand and develop in bad times as well as in good.

Must the theatre be destroyed to be reborn? Though it often looks that way, I do not believe it, because I do not believe in any future that does not emerge from what we do in the present. The way to health in the theatre is not by adoring the "great" men who take refuge in their position as companions-in-prosperity with their non-artist backers, but by getting down to the hard personal work of finding out what *moral* as well as technical attributes go into the making of a real Theatre—and then bending all our energies to its making. This today is the only realistic approach to the theatre. All the rest is as "practical" as horse-racing, and leads to the endemic but beloved and all too familiar plague of showman's heebie-jeebies.

MUSIC: Internal Security

WHEN the *Vulcania* docked in New York on October 10, many Americans who agreed with President Truman's veto of the Federal Internal Security Act hoped that the Immigration Service would detain Arturo Toscanini at Ellis Island. The famous 84-year-old conductor would have made an ideal figure in a *cause célèbre*, and his detention might have helped to arouse public opinion against Senator McCarran's myopic law forbidding the admission to the country of anyone who at any time has ever been "affiliated with" any totalitarian party. Unfortunately the Immigration Service was not able to deliver the victim, for Toscanini was never a Fascist, though he admits that he supported Mussolini in the 1919 election, before the party existed.

No other German or Italian musician had as easy a time of it as Toscanini. At this writing, ships and airplanes loaded with musicians are arriving for the beginning of the fall concert and opera season. The first to feel the teeth of the new law was Friedrich Gulda, a 20-year-old Austrian pianist who had been required to join the Hitler youth organization at the age of ten. Gulda was held at Ellis Island for nearly three days before he was granted a five-day entry permit (later extended to twenty) that enabled him to make his Carnegie Hall debut on October 11. (His recital was one of the most exciting given by a

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young pianist since the debut of Vladimir Horowitz in 1928.)

The wheels turned as slowly for Fedora Barbieri, new 25-year-old Italian mezzo-soprano of the Metropolitan Opera. Miss Barbieri had committed the *faux pas* of attending a Fascist school at a time when all the schools in Italy were Fascist-controlled. She is allowed to stay six months.

After these first test cases, the pace was speeded up, but none of the incoming German and Italian musicians escaped a holiday on Ellis Island. Victor de Sabata, engaged as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony and the Pittsburgh Symphony, got through in a single day. So did Hans Hotter, the German baritone who will sing the title role in the new Metropolitan production of Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman." No issue up to this point having been raised about Spanish and Argentine nationals, the Metropolitan's two new foreign-born sopranos, Victoria de los Angeles and Delia Rigal, were not questioned.

After the first chaotic week, the procedure was stabilized. In a sweeping move, the State Department canceled all visas previously issued abroad, except those of displaced persons, and required its consulates to re-screen all applicants. From now on, the awarding of a visa will be a virtual guarantee of unimpeded entry to the country. Such a muddled operation as the rejection of the Viennese conductor Josef Krips at Ellis Island last summer after the consulate in Vienna had granted him a visa will be unlikely in the future.

Even when a clearer and more consistent application of the law set in, the harried Metropolitan still had a great deal to worry about. Plans for the opening-night performance of Verdi's "Don Carlo" on November 6 were knocked into a cocked hat when the American consul in Rome refused a visa to Boris Christoff, the Bulgarian bass engaged for the important role of Philip II of Spain. Not every bass can sing this highly dramatic part effectively, and the Metropolitan had no promising substitute on its roster. The management cabled to the Italian bass Cesare Siepi, who cabled back that he too was unable to get a visa—perhaps because his home in Milan is on the Via Moscova.

The safe arrival of Hotter rescued "The Flying Dutchman," but other operas are still in jeopardy, for several major artists from Central Europe have not yet put the law to the test. Ljuba Welitch, one of the strongest box-office personalities in the company, is a Bulgarian, and she sang at the Vienna Opera during the Nazi regime. The Yugoslav soprano Zinka Milanov may encounter difficulty because of her reported association with members of Tito's government. Erna Berger, a German soprano, will automatically be suspect because she sang at the Berlin State Opera throughout the war.

Headstrong and jingoistic as it is, the McCarran law still may be a blessing in disguise. Possibly the Immigration Service is leaning over backward to expose the infelicities of the law by enforcing it to the letter; yet at the same time it appears to be using its wide discretionary powers intelligently, in admitting those like Miss Barbieri and Hotter, against whom charges are trivial or meaningless. A considerable willingness to let specific facts be known has replaced the secrecy that made the Krips incident last summer look like a disgraceful abuse of arbitrary authority. For Hotter—and no doubt for some other prominent Germans and Italians, artists and non-artists alike—the Ellis Island questioning is an advantage. A whispering campaign had hinted that Hotter was a Nazi. Now he is officially in the clear, and idle rumors cannot harm his career here.

But these optimistic observations are not to be taken as an argument for the retention of the McCarran law in its present drastic form. In refusing to admit that people sometimes are capable of altering views they once held, it rejects a necessary assumption about human nature. In blaming people for joining totalitarian party organizations when they had no choice in the matter, it commits a grave injustice.

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